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"GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN"

By STEPHEN CRANE

With Pictures by C.D.Williams

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LITTLE NELL, sometimes called the Blessed Damosel, was a war correspondent for the New York Eclipse. At sea, on the dispatch-boats, he wore pajamas, and on shore he wore what fate allowed him, which clothing was in the main unsuitable to the climate. He had been cruising in the Caribbean on a small tug, awash always, habitable never, wildly looking for Cervera's fleet, although what he was going to do with four armored cruisers and two destroyers in the event of his really finding them had not been explained by the managing editor. The cabled instructions read:

"Take tug. Go find Cervera's fleet."

If his unfortunate nine-knot craft should happen to find these great twenty-knot ships, with their two spiteful and faster attendants, Little Nell had wondered how he was going to lose them again. He had marveled both publicly and in secret on the uncompromising asininity of managing editors at odd moments, but he had wasted little time. The Jefferson G. Johnson was already coaled, so he passed the word to his skipper, bought some canned meats, cigars and beer, and soon the Johnson sailed on her mission, tooting her whistle in graceful farewell to some friends of hers in the bay.

So the Johnson crawled giddily to one wave height after another, and fell, aslant, into one valley after another for a longer period than was good for the hearts of the men, because the Johnson was merely a harbor tug, with no architectural intention of parading the high seas, and the crew had never seen the decks all white water like a mere sunken reef. As for the cook, he blasphemed hopelessly hour in and hour out, meanwhile pursuing the equipment of his trade frantically from side to side of the galley.

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Little Nell dealt with a great deal of grumbling, but he knew it was not the real, evil grumbling. It was merely the unhappy words of men who wished expression of comradeship for their wet, forlorn, half-starved lives, to which, they explained, they were not accustomed, and for which, they explained, they were not properly paid. Little Nell condoled, and condoled without difficulty. He laid words of gentle sympathy before them, and smothered his own misery behind the face of a reporter of the New York Eclipse.

They tossed themselves in their cockle-shells even as far as Martinique; they knew many races and many flags; but they did not find Cervera's fleet. If they had found that elusive squadron this timid story would never have been written; there would probably have been a lyric.

The Johnson limped one morning into the Mole St. Nicholas, and there Little Nell received this dispatch:

"Can't understand your inaction. What are you doing with the boat? Report immediately. Fleet transports already left Tampa; expected destination near Santiago. Proceed there immediately; place yourself under orders.

"ROGERS, ECLIPSE."

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One day, steaming along the high, luminous blue coast of Santiago province, they fetched into view the fleet, a knot of masts and funnels, looking incredibly inshore, as if they were glued to the mountains. Then mast left mast, and funnel left funnel, slowly, slowly, and the shore remained still, but the fleets seemed to move out toward the eager Johnson.

At the speed of nine knots an hour, the scene separated into its parts. On an easily rolling sea, under a crystal sky, black-hulled transports—erstwhile packets—lay waiting, while gray cruisers and gunboats swung near shore, shelling the beach and some woods. From their gray sides came thin, red flashes, belches of white smoke, and then over the waters sounded "boom—boom—boom—boom." The crew of the Jefferson G. Johnson forgave Little Nell all the suffering of a previous fortnight.

To the westward, about the mouth of Santiago harbor, sat a row of castellated gray battle-ships, their eyes turned another way, waiting. The Johnson swung past a transport whose decks and rigging were a-swarm with black figures as if a tribe of bees had alighted upon a log. She swung past a cruiser, indignant at being left out of the game, her deck thick with white-clothed tars, watching the play of their luckier brethren. The cold, blue, lifting seas tilted the big ships easily, slowly, and heaved the little ones in the usual sinful way, as if very little babes had surreptitiously mounted sixteen-hand trotting hunters.

The Johnson leered and tumbled her way through the community of ships. The bombardment ceased, and some of the troopships edged in near the land. Soon boats black with men and towed by launches were almost lost to view in the scintillant mystery of light which appeared where the sea met the land. A disembarkation had begun. The Johnson sped on at her nine knots, and Little Nell chafed exceedingly, gloating upon the shore through his glasses, anon glancing irritably over the side to note the efforts of the excited tug.

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Then at last they were in a sort of a cove, with troopships, newspaper boats and cruisers on all sides of them, and over the water came a great hum of human voices, punctuated frequently by the clang of engine-room gongs as the steamers manœuvred to avoid jostling.

In reality, it was the great moment—the moment for which men, ships, islands and continents had been waiting for months—but somehow it did not look it. It was very calm; a certain strip of high, green, rocky shore was being rapidly populated from boat after boat; that was all. Like many preconceived moments, it refused to be supreme.

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But nothing lessened Little Nell's frenzy. He knew that the Army was landing; he could see it; and little did he care if the great moment did not look its part; it was his virtue as a correspondent to recognize the great moment in any disguise.

The Johnson lowered a boat for him and he dropped into it swiftly, forgetting everything. However, the mate, a

"NO, 'TIS NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL, NOR SO WIDE AS A CHURCH DOOR; BUT 'TIS ENOUGH, D' YOU SEE?"

bearded philanthropist, flung after him a mackintosh and a bottle of whisky. Little Nell's face was turned toward those other boats, filled with men, all eyes upon the placid, gentle, noiseless shore. Little Nell saw many soldiers seated stiffly beside upright rifle barrels, their blue breasts crossed with white shelter-tent and blanket-rolls. Launches screeched; jack-tars pushed or pulled with their boathooks; a beach was alive with working soldiers, some of them stark naked. Little Nell's boat touched the shore amid a babble of tongues, dominated at that time by a single stern voice which was repeating: "Fall in, B Company!"

He took his mackintosh and his bottle of whisky and invaded Cuba. It was a trifle bewildering. Companies of those same men in blue and brown were being rapidly formed and marched off across a little open space—near a pool—near some palm trees—near a house—into the hills.

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At one side a mulatto in dirty linen and an old straw hat was hospitably using a machete to cut open some green cocoanuts for a group of idle invaders. At the other side—up a bank—a blockhouse was burning furiously, while near it some railway sheds were smouldering, with a little Rogers engine standing amid the ruins, gray, almost white with ashes, until it resembled a ghost.

Little Nell dodged the crimsoned blockhouse and proceeded to where he saw a little village street lined with flimsy wooden cottages. Some ragged Cuban cavalrymen were tranquilly tending their horses in a shed which had not yet grown cold of the recent Spanish occupation. Three American soldiers were trying to explain to a Cuban that they wished to buy drinks. A native rode by, clubbing his pony, as always. The sky was blue; the sea talked with a gravelly accent at the feet of some rocks; upon its bosom the ships sat quiet as gulls. There was no mention, directly, of invasion, invasion for war, save in the roar of the flames at the blockhouse; but none even heeded this conflagration, excepting to note that it threw out a great heat.

It was really hard for Little Nell to keep from thinking of his own affairs, his debts, other misfortunes, loves, prospects of happiness. Nobody was in a flurry; the Cubans were not tearfully grateful; the American troops were visibly glad of being released from those ill transports, and the men often asked with interest: "Where's the Spaniards?"

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And yet it must have been a great moment! . . . It was a *great* moment! . . . It seemed made to prove that the emphatic time of history is not the emphatic time of the common man, who, throughout the changing of nations, feels an itch on his shin, a pain in his head, hunger, thirst, a lack of sleep, the influence of his memory of past firesides, glasses of beer, girls, theatres, ideals, religions, parents, faces, hurts, joys.

Little Nell was hailed from a comfortable veranda, and, looking up, saw Walkley, of the Eclipse, stretched in a yellow-and-green hammock, smoking his pipe with an air of having always lived in that house, in that village.

"Oh, dear Little Nell," he cried, "how glad I am to see your angel face again. There—don't try to hide it! I can see it. Did you bring a corkscrew, too? You're superseded as master of the slaves. Did you know it? And by Rogers, too! Rogers is a Sadducee, a cadaver and a pelican, appointed to the post of chief correspondent, no doubt, because of his rare gift of incapacity. Never mind."

"Where is he now?" asked Little Nell, taking a seat.

"He is down interfering with the landing of the troops," answered Walkley, swinging a leg. "I hope you have the Johnson well stocked with food, as well as with cigars, cigarettes and tobaccos, ales, wines and liquors. We shall need them. There is already famine in the house of Walkley. I have discovered that the system of transportation for our gallant soldiery does not strike in me the admiration which I have often felt when viewing the management of an ordinary bun-shop. A-hunger, stifling, jammed together amid odors and everybody irritable—ye gods, how irritable! And so I—— Look! Look!"

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The Jefferson G. Johnson, well known to them at an incredible distance, could be seen striding the broad sea, the smoke belching from her funnel, headed for Jamaica. "The Army Lands in Cuba!" shrieked Walkley. "Shafter's Army Lands near Santiago! Special type! Half the front page! Oh, the Sadducee! The cadaver! The pelican!"

Little Nell was dumb with astonishment and fear. Walkley, however, was at least not dumb. "That's the pelican! That's Mr. Rogers, making his first impression upon the situation. He has engraved himself upon us. We are tattooed with him. There will be a fight to-morrow sure, and we will cover it even as you found Cervera's fleet. No food, no horses, no money. I am transport-lame; you are sea-weak. We will never see our salaries again. Whereby Rogers is a fool."

"Anybody else here?" asked Little Nell wearily.

"Only young Point." Point was an artist on the Eclipse. "But he has nothing. Pity there wasn't an almshouse here in this God-forsaken country. Here comes Point now."

A sad-faced little man came along carrying much luggage. "Hello, Point, lithographer and genius; have you food—food? Well, then, you had better return yourself to Tampa by wire. You are no good here. Only one more little mouth to feed."

Point seated himself near Little Nell. "I haven't had anything to eat since daybreak," he said gloomily, "and I don't care much, for I am simply dog-tired!"

"Don't tell *me* you are dog-tired, my talented friend," cried Walkley from his hammock. "Think of me. And now, what's to be done?"

They stared for a time disconsolately at where, over the rim of the sea, trailed black smoke from the Johnson. From the landing-place below and to the right came the howls of a man who was superintending the disembarkation of some mules. The burning blockhouse still rendered its hollow roar. Suddenly the man-crowded landing set up its cheer, and the steamers all whistled long and raucously. Tiny black figures were raising an American flag over a blockhouse on the top of the great hill.

"That's mighty fine Sunday stuff," said Little Nell. "Well, I'll go and get the order in which the regiments landed, and who was first ashore, and all that. Then I'll go and try to find General Lawton's headquarters. His division has got the advance, I think."

"And, lo! I will write a burning description of the raising of the flag," said Walkley, "while the brilliant Point buskies for food. And makes sure that he gets it," he added.

Little Nell thereupon wandered over the face of the earth, threading out the story of the landing of the regiments. He found only about fifty men who had been the first American soldier to set foot on Cuba, and of these he took the most probable. The Army was going forward in detail as soon as the pieces were landed. There was a house something like a crude country tavern; the soldiers in it were looking over their rifles and talking; there was a well of water, quite hot; more palm trees—an inscrutable background.

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When he arrived again at Walkley's mansion he found the veranda crowded with correspondents in khaki, duck, dungaree and flannel. They wore riding-breeches, but that was mainly forethought. They could see now that Fate intended them to walk. Some were writing copy while Walkley discoursed from his hammock. Rhodes—doomed to be shot in action some two days later—was trying to borrow a canteen from men who had canteens and from men who had none. Young Point, wan, utterly worn out, was asleep on the floor. Walkley pointed to him. "That is how he appears after his foraging journey, during which he ran all Cuba through a sieve. Oh, yes. A can of corn and half a bottle of lime juice."

"Say, does anybody know the name of the commander of the Twenty-sixth Infantry?"

"Who commands the first brigade of Kent's division?"

"What was the name of the chap that raised the flag?"

"What time is it?"

And a woful man was wandering here and there with a cold pipe, saying plaintively: "Who's got a match?"

Little Nell's left boot hurt him at the heel, and so he removed it, taking great care and whistling through his teeth. The heated dust was upon them all, making everybody feel that bathing was unknown, and shattering their tempers. Young Point developed a snore which brought grim sarcasm from all quarters. Always, below, hummed the traffic of the landing-place.

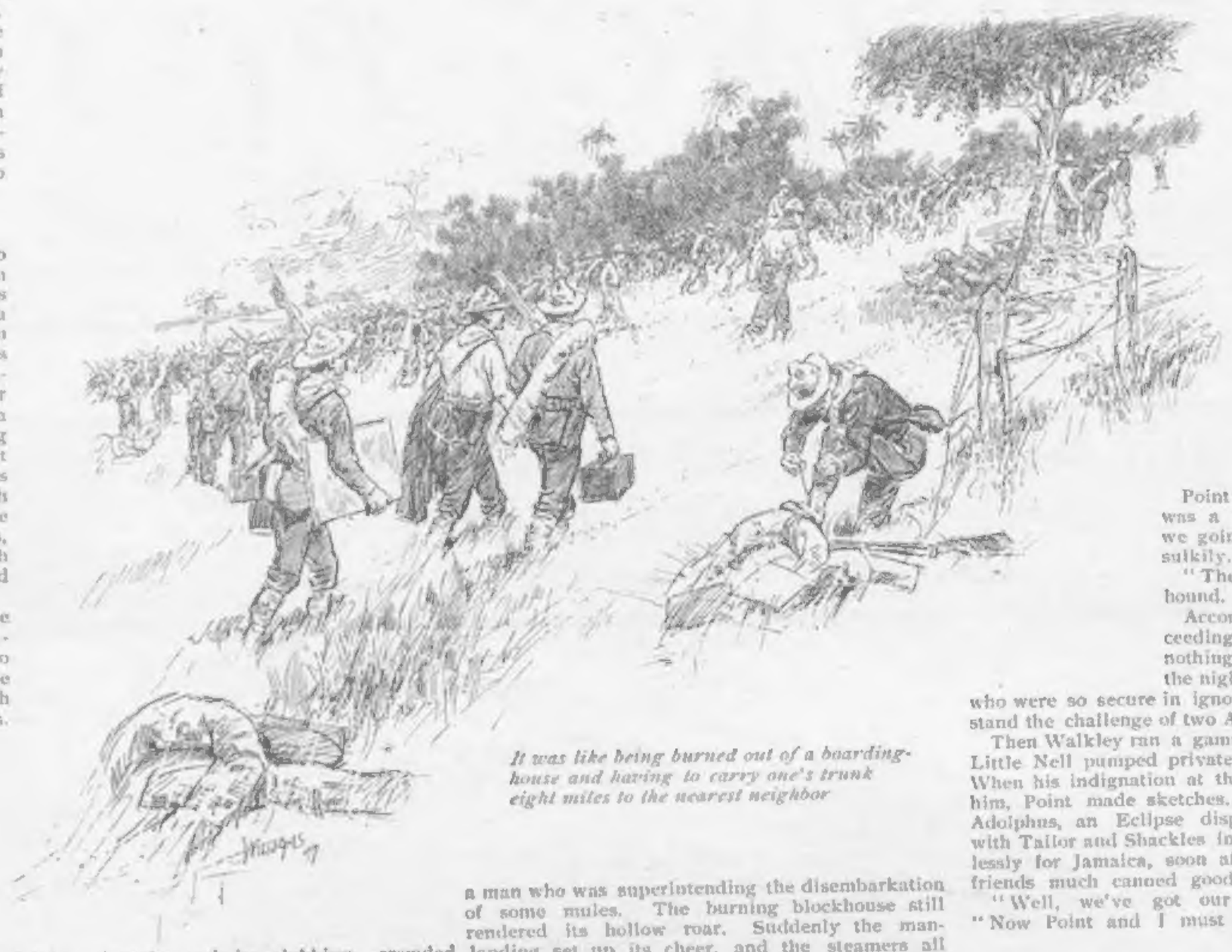
When night came Little Nell thought best not to go to bed until late, because he recognized the mackintosh as but a feeble comfort. The evening was a glory. A breeze came from the sea, fanning spurts of flame out of the ashes and charred remains of the sheds, while overhead lay a splendid summer-night sky aflash with great tranquil stars. In the street of the village were two or three fires, frequently and suddenly reddening with their glare the figures of low-voiced men who moved here and there.

The lights of the transports blinked on the murmuring plain in front of the village, and far to the westward Little Nell could sometimes note a subtle indication of a playing searchlight which alone marked the presence of the invisible battle-ships half-mooned about the entrance to Santiago harbor, waiting—waiting—waiting.

When Little Nell returned to the veranda he stumbled along a man-strewn place until he came to the spot where he had left his mackintosh; but he found it gone. His curses mingled then with those of the men upon whose bodies he had trodden. Two English correspondents, lying awake to smoke a last pipe, reared and looked at him lazily. "What's wrong, old chap?" murmured one. "Eh? Lost it, eh? Well, look here; come here and take a bit of my blanket. It's a jolly big one. Oh, no trouble at all, man. . . . There you are. Got enough? Comfy? . . . Good-night."

A sleepy voice rose in the darkness. "If this hammock breaks I shall hit at least ten of those Indians down there. Never mind. This is war!"

The men slept. Once the sound of three or four shots rang across the windy night, and one head uprose swiftly from the veranda, two eyes looked dazedly at nothing, and the head as swiftly sank. Again a sleepy voice was heard. "Usual thing; nervous sentries." The men slept.



It was like being burned out of a boarding-house and having to carry one's trunk eight miles to the nearest neighbor

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Before dawn a pulseless, penetrating chill came into the air, and the correspondents awakened shivering into a blue world. Some of the fires still smouldered. Walkley and Little Nell kicked vigorously into Point's framework. "Come on, Brilliance! Wake up, Talent! Don't be sogering. It's too cold to sleep, but it's not too cold to hustle."

Point sat up dolefully. Upon his face was a childish expression. "Where we going to get breakfast?" he asked sulkily.

"There's no breakfast for you, you hound. Get up and hustle."

Accordingly they hustled. With exceeding difficulty they learned that nothing emotional had happened during the night save the killing of two Cubans who were so secure in ignorance that they could not understand the challenge of two American sentries.

Then Walkley ran a gamut of commanding officers, and Little Nell pumped privates for their impressions of Cuba. When his indignation at the absence of breakfast allowed him, Point made sketches. At the full break of day the Adolphus, an Eclipse dispatch-boat, sent a boat ashore with Tailor and Shackles in it, and Walkley departed tearlessly for Jamaica, soon after he had bestowed upon his friends much canned goods and blankets.

"Well, we've got our stuff off," said Little Nell. "Now Point and I must breakfast."

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Shackles for some reason carried a great hunting-knife, and with it Little Nell opened a can of beans. "Fall to," he said amiably to Point. There were some hard biscuits.

Afterward the four of them marched off. They were well loaded with luggage, particularly young Point, who had somehow made a great gathering of unnecessary things.

Hills covered with verdure soon inclosed them. They heard that the Army had advanced some nine miles with no fighting. Evidences of the rapid advance were here and there; coats, gauntlets, blanket-rolls on the ground. Mule trains came herding back along the narrow trail to the sound of a little tinkling bell. Cubans were appropriating the tunics and blanket-rolls.

The four correspondents hurried onward. The surety of impending battle weighed upon them always, but there were a score of minor things more intimate. Little Nell's left heel had chafed until it must have been quite raw, and every moment he wished to take a seat by the roadside and console himself from pain. Shackles and Point disliked each other extremely, and often they foolishly quarreled over something or over nothing: the blanket-rolls and packages for the hand oppressed everybody. It was like being burned out of a boarding-house and having to carry one's trunk eight miles to the nearest neighbor.

Moreover, Point, since he had stupidly overloaded, with great wisdom placed various cameras and other trifles in the hands of his three less burdened and more sensible friends. This made them fume and gnash, but in complete silence, since he was hideously youthful and innocent and unaware. They all wished to rebel, but none of them saw their way clear because (they did not understand, but somehow it seemed a barbarous project) no one wanted to say anything.

For instance, Little Nell wished to remark: "Point, you are not a thoroughbred in half of a way. You are an inconsiderate, thoughtless little swine." But in truth he said: "Point, when you started out you looked like a Christmas tree. If we keep on robbing you of your bundles there soon won't be anything left for the children."

Point asked dubiously: "What do you mean?"

Little Nell merely laughed with deceptive good nature.

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They were always very thirsty. There was always a howl for the half bottle of lime juice. Five or six drops from it were simply heavenly in the warm water from the canteens. Point seemed to try to keep the lime juice in his possession in order that he might get more benefit from it. Before the war was ended the others found themselves declaring vehemently that they loathed Point, and yet when men asked them for reasons they grew quite inarticulate: the reasons seemed then so small, so childish, like the reasons of a lot of women. And yet, at the time, his offenses loomed enormous.

The surety of impending battle still weighed upon them. Then it came that Shackles turned seriously ill. Suddenly he dropped his own and much of Point's traps upon the trail, wriggled out of his blanket-roll, flung it away, and took a seat heavily at the roadside. They saw with surprise that his face was pale as death and yet streaming with sweat.

"Boys," he said in his ordinary voice, "I'm clean played out. I can't go another step. You fellows go on and leave me to come as soon as I am able."

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do at all," said Little Nell and Tailor together. Point moved over to a soft place and dropped amid whatever traps he was himself carrying.

"Don't know whether—it's—ancestral or merely from the—sun—but I've got a stroke," said Shackles, and gently

slumped over to a prostrate position before either Little Nell or Tailor could reach him. Thereafter Shackles was parental; it was Little Nell and Tailor who were really suffering from a stroke—either ancestral or from the sun.

"Put my blanket-roll under my head, Nell, my son," he said gently. "There, now. That is very nice. It is delicious. Why, I'm all right, only—only tired."

He closed his eyes and something like an easy slumber came over him. Once he opened them. "Don't trouble about me," he remarked. But the two fussed about him, nervous, worried, discussing this plan and that plan.

It was Point who first made a businesslike statement. Seated carelessly and indifferently upon his soft place, he finally blurted out: "Say. Look here. Some of us have got to go on. We can't all stay here."

It was quite true. The Eclipse could take no account of strokes. In the end, Tailor and Point went on, leaving Little Nell to bring on Shackles as soon as possible. The latter two spent many hours in the grass by the roadside. They made numerous abrupt acquaintances with passing staff officers, privates, muleteers, many stopping to inquire the wherefore of the death-faced figure on the ground. Favors were done, often and often, by peer and peasant—small things—of no consequence and yet warming.

It was dark when Shackles and Little Nell had come slowly to where they could hear the murmur of the Army's bivouac.

"Shack," gasped Little Nell to the man leaning forlornly upon him, "I guess we'd better bunk down here where we stand."

"All right, old boy. Anything you say," replied Shackles, in the bass and hollow voice which arrives with such condition.

They crawled into some bushes and distributed their belongings upon the ground. Little Nell spread out the blankets and generally played housemaid. Then they lay down, supperless, being too weary to eat. The men slept.

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At dawn Little Nell awakened and looked wildly for Shackles, whose empty blanket was pressed flat like a wet newspaper on the ground. But at nearly the same moment Shackles appeared elate.

"Come on," he cried; "I've rustled an invitation for breakfast."

Little Nell came on with celerity. "Where? Who?" he asked.

"Oh, some officers," replied Shackles airily. If he had been ill the previous day he showed it now only in some curious kind of deference he paid to Little Nell.

Shackles conducted his comrade, and soon they arrived at where a Captain and his one subaltern rose courteously from where they were squatting near a fire of little sticks. They wore the wide, white trouser-stripes of infantry officers, and upon the shoulders of their blue campaign shirts were the little marks of their rank, but otherwise there was little beyond their manners to render them different from the men who were busy with breakfast near them.

The Captain was old, grizzled, a common type of Captain in the tiny American Army, overjoyed at the active service, confident of his business, and yet breathing out in some way a note of pathos. The war was come too late. Age was grappling him, and honors were only for his widow and his children—merely a better life insurance policy. He had spent his life policing Indians with much labor, cold and heat, but with no glory for him nor for his fellows. All he could do now was to die at the head of his men.

If he had youthfully dreamed of a General's stars, they were now impossible to him, and he knew it. He was too old to leap so far; his sole honor was a new invitation to face death. And yet, with his ambitions lying half-strangled, he was going to take his men into any sort of holocaust because his traditions were of gentlemen and soldiers, and because . . . he loved it for itself . . . the thing itself . . . the unknown.

The Lieutenant was young. Perhaps he had been hurried out of West Point at the last moment, upon a shortage of officers appearing. To him all was opportunity. He was, in fact, in great luck. Instead of going off in 1898 to grill for an indefinite period on some God-forgotten heap of red-hot sand in New Mexico, he was here in Cuba—on real business—with his regiment. When the big engagement came he was sure to emerge from it either horizontally or at the head of a company, and what more could a boy ask?

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He was a very modest lad, and talked nothing of his frame of mind, but an expression of blissful contentment was ever upon his face. He really accounted himself the most fortunate boy of his time. And he felt almost certain that he would do well. . . . It was necessary to do well. . . . He would do well.

And yet, in many ways, these two were alike—the grizzled Captain with his gentle, mournful countenance—"Too late"—and the elate young Second Lieutenant, his commission hardly dry. Here again it was the influence of the Army. After all, they were both children of the Army.

It is possible to spring into the future here and chronicle what happened later. The Captain, after thirty-five years of waiting for his chance, took his Mauser bullet through the brain at the foot of San Juan Hill in the very beginning, and the boy arrived on the crest, panting, sweating, but unscratched, and not sure whether he commanded one company or a whole battalion. Thus Fate dealt to the hosts of Shackles and Little Nell.

The beach at Siboney was furious with traffic, even as had been the beach at Daqueri. Launches shouted, jack-tars prodded with their boathooks, and load of men followed load of men. Straight, paradelike, on the shore stood a trumpeter playing familiar calls to the troop-horses, who swam toward him eagerly through the salt seas.

Crowding closely into the cove were transports of all sizes and ages. To the left and to the right of the little landing-beach green hills shot upward like the wings in a theatre. They were scarred here and there with blockhouses and rifle-pits. Up one hill a regiment was crawling, seemingly inch by inch. Shackles and Little Nell walked among palms and over spaces of sand holding little monuments of biscuit boxes, ammunition boxes and supplies of all kinds. Some regiment was just collecting itself from the ships, and the men made great patches of blue on the brown sand.

Shackles asked a question of a man, accidentally. "Where's that regiment going to?" He pointed to the force that was crawling up the hill. The man grinned and said: "They're goin' to look for a fight."

"Looking for a fight," said Shackles and Little Nell together. They stared into each other's eyes. Then they set off for the foot of the hill.

Soon they were on a fine upland near the sea. The path, under ordinary conditions, must have been a beautiful wooded way. It wound in the shade of thickets of fine trees, then through rank growths of bushes with revealed and fantastic roots, then through a grassy space which had all the beauty of a neglected orchard. But always from under their feet scuttled noisy land-crabs, demons to the nerves, which in some ways possessed a semblance of moon-like faces upon their blue or red bodies, and these faces were turned with expressions of deepest horror upon Shackles and Little Nell as they sped to overtake the regiment.

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They heard a dull noise of voices in front of them. One man came limping back along the path. He looked to them anxiously for sympathy and comprehension. "Hurt m' knee. I swear I couldn't keep up with the boys. I had to leave 'em. Wasn't that tough luck?" His collar rolled from a great red muscular neck, and his bare forearms were better than stanchions. Yet he was almost babishly tearful in his attempt to make the two correspondents feel that he had not turned back because he was afraid.

They gave him scant courtesy, tinctured with one drop of sympathetic yet cynical understanding. Soon they overtook the hospital squad—men addressing chaste language to some pack-mules—a talkative Sergeant—two amiable, cool-eyed young Surgeons. Soon they were amid the rear troops of the dismounted volunteer cavalry regiment which was moving to attack. The men strode easily along, arguing one with another on ulterior matters. If they were going into battle they either did not know it or they concealed it well. Their laughter rang through the Cuban woods. And in the meantime soft, mellow, sweet, sang the voice of the Cuban wood dove . . . the Spanish guerilla calling to his mate . . . forest music . . . on the flanks . . . deep back on both flanks . . . the adorable wood dove, singing only of love . . . some of the advancing Americans said it was beautiful . . . it *was* beautiful . . . the Spanish guerilla calling to his mate. . . . What could be more beautiful?

Shackles and Little Nell rushed precariously through waist-high bushes until they reached the centre of the single-filed regiment. The firing then broke out in front. All the woods set up a hot sputtering; the bullets sped along the path and across it from both sides. The thickets presented nothing but dense masses of light green foliage, out of which these swift steel things were born supernaturally.

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It seemed that every leaf had turned into a soda-water bottle and was popping its cork. Some of the explosions seemed to be against the men's very faces; others against the backs of their necks. "Now, men, keep goin' ahead. Keep on goin'." The forward troops were already engaged. They, at least, had something at which to shoot. . . . "Now, Captain, if you're ready." . . . "Stop that swearing there." . . . "Got a match?" . . . "Steady now, men."

A gate appeared in a barbed-wire fence. Within were billowy fields of long grass, dotted with palms and luxuriant mango trees. It was Elysian, a place for lovers, fair as Eden in its radiance of sun, under its blue sky. One might have expected to see white-robed figures walking slowly in the shadows. . . . A dead man, with a bloody face, lay twisted in a curious contortion at the waist. . . . Some one was shot in the leg—his pins knocked cleanly from under him. . . . "Keep goin', men." . . . The air roared, and the ground fled reelingly under their feet. . . . Light, shadow, trees, vines, grass. . . . Bullets spat from every side.

Once they were in a thicket, and the men, blanched and bewildered, turned one way and then another, not knowing which way to turn. "Keep goin', men." Soon they were in the sunlight again. They could see the long, scant line which was being drained man by man—one might say drop by drop. The musketry rolled forth in great full measure from the magazine carbines. "Keep goin', men." . . . "They're flankin' us, sir." . . . "We're bein' fired into by our own crowd, sir." . . . "Keep goin', men."

A low ridge before them was a bottling establishment blowing up in detail. From the right—it seemed at that time to be the far right—they could hear steady, crashing volleys—the United States Regulars in action.

Then suddenly—to use a phrase of the street—the whole bottom of the thing fell out. It was suddenly and mysteriously ended. The Spaniards had run away and some of the Regulars were chasing them. It was a victory.

Little Nell and Shackles were walking through the fields.

"Well, hang it, man," cried Shackles, "we *must* get a list of the killed and wounded."

"That is not nearly so important," quoth Little Nell academically, "as to get the first account to New York of the first action of the Army in Cuba."

They came upon Tailor with a bared torso and a small red hole through his right lung. He was calm, but evidently out of temper. "Good God, Tailor," they cried, dropping to their knees like two pagans, "are you hurt, old boy?"

"Hurt," he said gently. "No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, d' you see? You understand, do you? Idiots."

Then he became very official. "Shackles, feel and see what's under my leg. It's a small stone or a burr or something. Don't be clumsy, now. Be careful. Be careful."

In reality there was nothing there, and so Shackles could not have removed it. "Sorry, old boy," he said meekly.

"Well, you may observe that I can't stay here for more than a year," said Tailor with some oratory, "and the hospital people have their own work in hand. It behooves you, Nell, to fly to Siboney, arrest a dispatch-boat, get a cot and some other things, and some minions to carry me. If I once get down to the base I'm all right, but if I stay here I'm dead. Meantime Shackles can stay here and try to look as if he liked it."

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There was no disobeying the man. Lying there with a little red hole in his right lung, he dominated them through his helplessness and through their fear that, if they angered him, he would move and—bleed.

"Well?" said Little Nell.

"Yes," said Shackles, nodding.

Little Nell departed. "That blanket you lent me," Tailor called after him, "is back there with Point."

Little Nell noted that many of the men who were wandering among the wounded seemed so spent with the toil and excitement of their first action that they could hardly drag one leg after the other. He found himself suddenly in the same condition. His face, his neck, even his mouth felt dry as sun-baked bricks, and his legs were foreign to him. But he swung desperately into his five-mile task.

Presently the hurrying correspondent met another regiment coming to assist—a line of a thousand men in single file through the jungle. "Well, how is it going, old man?" "How is it coming on?" "Are we doin' 'em?"

On the way he passed many things—bleeding men carried by comrades—others making their way grimly with encrimsoned arms—then the little settlement of the hospital squad—men on the ground everywhere, many in the path—one young Captain dying with great gasps. But the voice of the Cuban wood dove, soft, mellow, sweet, singing only of love, was no longer heard.

Then after an interval came other regiments moving out. He had to take to the bush to let these long lines pass him, and he was delayed and had to flounder amid brambles. But at last, like a successful pilgrim, he arrived at the brow of the great hill overlooking Siboney. His practiced eye scanned the brow of the sea with its clustering ships, but he saw thereon no Eclipse dispatch-boats. He zigzagged heavily down the hill and arrived finally amid the dust and outcries of the base. He seemed to ask a thousand men if they had seen an Eclipse boat on the water or an Eclipse correspondent on the shore. They all answered "No."

He was like a poverty-stricken and unknown suppliant at a foreign court. Even his plea got only ill hearings. He had expected the news of the serious wounding of Tailor to appal the other correspondents, but they took it quite calmly. It was as if their sense of an impending great battle between two large armies had quite got them out of focus for these minor tragedies. Tailor was hurt. How curious that Tailor should, be almost the first; how *very* curious; yes. But as far as arousing them to any enthusiasm of active pity, it seemed impossible. He was dying up there in the grass, was he? Too bad, too bad, too bad!

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Little Nell went alone and lay down in the sand with his back against a rock. Tailor was prostrate up there in the grass. Never mind. Nothing was to be done. The whole situation was too colossal. Then into his zone came Walkley, the invincible.

"Walkley," yelled Little Nell. Walkly came quickly and Little Nell lay weakly against his rock and talked. In thirty seconds Walkley understood everything, had hurled a drink of whisky into Little Nell, had admonished him to lie quiet, and had gone to organize and manipulate. When he returned he was a trifle dubious and backward. Behind him was a singular squad of volunteers from the Adolphus carrying among them a wire-woven bed.

"Look here, Nell," said Walkley in bashful accents. "I've collected a battalion here which is willing to go bring Tailor, but—they say—you—can't you show them where he is?"

"Yes," said Little Nell, rising.

When the party arrived back at Siboney and deposited Tailor in the best place, Walkley had found a house and stocked it with canned soups. Therein Shackles and Little Nell revelled for a time and then rolled on the floor in their blankets. Little Nell tossed a great deal. "Oh, I'm so tired! Good God, I'm tired! I'm tired!"

In the morning a voice roused them. It was a swollen, important circus voice, saying: "Where is Nell? I wish to see him immediately."

"Here I am, Rogers," cried Little Nell.

"Oh, Nell," said Rogers, "here's a dispatch to me which I thought you had better read."

Little Nell took the dispatch. It was:

"Tell Nell can't understand his inaction. Tell him come home first steamer from Port Antonio, Jamaica.—Eclipse."

Little Nell took the dispatch. It was:
"Tell Nell can't understand his inaction."

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY MRS. WETTIN

THE QUEER THINGS IN HER DAILY LIFE

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

IN THE smoking-room of a Washington mansion, after a dinner party last winter, I heard the late Lord Herschell, his face radiant with enthusiasm, describe the Queen of England as "the wisest, the most sagacious, and the most conscientious woman that ever lived," and was reminded that John Bright some years before declared that she was "the only absolutely truthful woman he had ever known."

Queen Victoria has a great deal more to do with affairs of State than most people suppose. The Ministry may change and Premiers may come and go, but for threescore years the Woman on the Throne has never allowed the sceptre to pass from her hands—not even to the husband she adored. One morning—June, 20, 1837—she, among the other poor relations of the King in Kensington Palace, was awakened just as the day dawned, and was informed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain and the Marquis of Conyngham that she was Queen of England.

His Grace, the Archbishop, says that "she appeared in a loose white nightgown, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders. Her bare feet were in slippers, tears were in her eyes, but she was perfectly collected and dignified." She was seventeen then; she is seventy-nine now, and in all that time she has never shrunk from responsibility; she has never surrendered a position that she has once taken, but with infinite tact has moulded an Empire to her own will.

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Every American should remember with gratitude that it was Queen Victoria who prevented the intervention of the British Government in behalf of the Confederacy during the war. When Confederate envoys were taken from a British steamer by an imprudent Union naval officer, Lord Palmerston wrote a dispatch to the British Ambassador at Washington that was equivalent to a declaration of war. The Queen kept it over night, and then returned it to her Prime Minister with every offensive phrase erased.

During the Jubilee ceremonies in 1897, by a blunder of the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of Ceremonies, the members of the House of Commons were subjected to what they considered a gross indignity. They were "commanded" to pay their respects to their Sovereign at Buckingham Palace at three o'clock on a certain afternoon, and appeared there in full force at the hour appointed. The Lord Chamberlain notified them that they could not be received until four. Most of them left the palace to spend the hour elsewhere, and were scarcely out of sight when the Master of Ceremonies announced that the Queen would receive them at once. Those who remained were most graciously welcomed, but those who went away returned in great indignation at the end of the hour to find that the ceremony was over and that Her Majesty had gone to Windsor Castle.

The opposition members made furious attacks upon the Government in the House of Commons the next day, but the Ministers treated the matter with the greatest indifference, until nearly a week later Mr. Balfour announced that Her Majesty "was greatly distressed to hear through the newspapers" of the *contretemps*, and had commanded him to "express her regrets at the occurrence." At the same time Her Majesty had commanded him to ask if all the members of the House would be so good as to come down to Windsor to spend with her the following Saturday, and bring their wives and children with them. It was the first time that such an invitation had ever been tendered to the legislative assembly of the United Kingdom, and it was a tactful method of showing the kindly sentiment of the Sovereign toward her law-makers. It also showed that Her Majesty read the newspapers.

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Queen Victoria is not only a sagacious, but a courageous woman. On several occasions has she faced death without flinching. "Great events always make me calm," she once wrote in her diary, while speaking of a crisis that tested her and through which she moved with a stately dignity, and her moral courage has been shown quite as firmly and frequently. This she has also explained in her diary as due to "a calm reliance upon a higher power."

Her Majesty is profoundly religious. She believes in the efficacy of prayer. She is a regular Bible reader, and frequently uses a well-worn Bible that belonged to General Gordon, and was presented by his sister to the Queen, who acknowledged the gift in an autograph letter. At the same time she does not permit her religious convictions to influence the subtle intricacies of statecraft.

Although she has annually dispensed large sums of money for religious and philanthropical purposes since she ascended the throne, she has never contributed a farthing for foreign missions in any part of the earth; nor does anybody know to this day from her own lips what reason has prevented her. The missionary societies have ceased to ask or expect financial assistance from Her Majesty, and assume that her refusal to give them aid is due to public policy, for were it known in India, in Burmah, in Afghanistan and other heathen colonies of the Empire that their Sovereign was encouraging the overthrow of the native faith it would excite the hatred and hostility of the high priests, whose influence is unbounded and who might cause infinite trouble by their hostility.

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Her Private Secretary, Hafiz Abdul Karim, is a Mohammedan. Since the death of that faithful Scotch gillie, John Brown, the protection of the Royal person has been intrusted to Gholam Mustafa and Sheikh Chidda, two Indian warriors, who are also followers of the Prophet. They always stand upon the boot of her carriage when she is driving, and night and day, wherever Her Majesty happens to be, one of them is at the door. They are allowed to perform their native religious devotions, to observe the rules of the caste respecting food, and are never interfered with in any manner in the practice of their religion and the observance of their native customs.

Within the territorial limits of the United Kingdom Her Majesty does a good deal for the Church of England, and extends her contributions to other denominations also, particularly to the Presbyterian Church that she is in the habit of attending while at her palace at Balmoral.

And yet, with all her sagacity, wisdom and conscience, Victoria must know that she is not the lawful occupant of the throne of England. By the constitution of the Kingdom, the Crown descends according to the laws of primogeniture—that is, the eldest son must succeed his father, and, failing issue, the succession is vested in the eldest daughter. Under this law Mary IV, otherwise known as Maria Teresa Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria, wife of His Royal Highness Prince Ludwig, of Bavaria, is entitled to the sovereignty of England as the senior of the Royal house of Stuarts, the male line having become extinct on the death of Henry IX.

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This fact is confessed annually in Whittaker's Almanac, the semi-official gazetteer of the Government, which says: "The Hanoverian dynasty, being derived from a daughter of James I, has no right to the throne until the whole issue of Charles I is exhausted, which is not yet the case."

Mary IV is a direct descendant of Charles I, of the House of Stuart. Queen Victoria is an indirect descendant of the House of Hanover, being a niece of King William IV.

The conscience of the Queen and the British nation is consoled, however, by an election to the throne in confirmation of the inheritance, on the theory that she is a direct heir of her grandfather, and received the crown from him instead of from her uncle.

Queen Victoria's name, stripped of the titles of Royalty, is Mrs. Albert Wettin, for she is the widow of Prince Albert, who was a descendant of King Wettin, founder of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He was a contemporary of the great

Drawing by T. Gurney Moore

Charlemagne. The Queen's maiden name was Axon, the same as that of the Duke of Cumberland.

Her Majesty never wears the crown. It has not rested upon her head since her coronation in 1838, and she ought to be thankful that she does not have to wear it every day, because it is the heaviest and most uncomfortable kind of a bonnet, and weighs several pounds. The crown which for the admiration of the public reposes upon a scarlet velvet cushion in the treasury of the Tower of London, guarded by stalwart sentinels, is not the real thing, but only an imitation. Very few people know where the real crown is. It is locked away in some strong vault under the care of Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Dobson Middleton, K. C., M. G., C. B., Keeper of the Crown, who receives a salary of £300 a year for assuming this tremendous responsibility.

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The real crown contains 1273 rose diamonds, 1363 brilliants, 273 round pearls, four large egg-shaped pearls, twenty-six sapphires, eleven emeralds, twenty-four rubies, and one large ruby set in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross. This is the finest ruby in the world, and has a bloody history. It once belonged to the Moorish King of Grenada. He got it, according to tradition, from an Abyssinian Prince, who captured it from a Sultan of Western Asia.

Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain, invited his Moorish neighbor to visit him at the Alcazar of Seville. The heathen trusted the Christian, and came across the country, wearing his richest garments and jewels, and attended by a splendid retinue. But before the hospitality of Don Pedro was exhausted every one of his guests was beheaded, and his own hands snatched this ruby from the turban of his rival. Edward I bought it of him, and Henry V wore it in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

There are lots of queer people about the Queen. She has a thousand or more attendants at Windsor Castle, and many of them hold their positions by hereditary right and have little or nothing to do. The Queen's Champion is a relic of the Middle Ages. On coronation day it is his business to prance around in armor, mounted on a mailed charger, with a long spear and a monstrous sword, and challenge all the world to dispute with him the right of his Sovereign to the sceptre. This challenge holds good during the period of sovereignty or the life of the champion, and may be accepted by subject or alien.

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Queen Victoria and her uncle, William IV, dispensed with this mediæval absurdity at their coronations, but the Champion's pay and perquisites still continue, for they are hereditary and cannot be abolished even by act of Parliament without some indemnity.

The present Champion is Francis Seaman Dymoke, who is now a venerable man, and if any one should take the trouble to accept his challenge he would have to resign in favor of a more brawny Briton. He receives a salary of £120 a year, and certain allowances of food and clothing which he draws from the Lord Steward at Windsor Castle.

Another ancient supernumerary is The Page of the Pipe, who also holds a hereditary office, which dates back to the time of Charles II. That merry Monarch acquired the tobacco habit from some of his Virginia colonists, and required a page, who was paid a salary of £100 a year, to keep his smoking apparatus in order. In a moment of generosity His Majesty made the appointment permanent. Until 1765 the honor was held by the Duke of Grafton, who got hard up and sold it to a merchant named Harrison. As Queen Victoria does not smoke, the office is now a sinecure, but the descendants of Harrison are entitled to the privilege of entering the presence of their Sovereign at any time.

The Queen has six Trumpeters who draw pay at the rate of £100 each annually. These appointments, however, are not hereditary, and afford the Queen an opportunity to reward soldiers who have distinguished themselves.

The Queen's Limner enjoys one of the most profitable posts at Windsor Castle. He decorates books and manuscripts with initial pictures and illuminates parchments and commissions with borders and designs. The gentleman who holds this post performs that duty with great artistic skill at the rate of £410 a year, when Her Majesty is graciously pleased to confer Knighthood or some other honor upon one of her subjects.

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The Clockmaker at Windsor Castle receives the same compensation, and it is his business to keep all of the timepieces in repair. The Historiographer, who is supposed to keep note of events, holds a hereditary office, with a salary of £500 a year. The Master of Music, Sir Walter Parrett, the famous organist, receives £300, and arranges concerts for Her Majesty's diversion. The Surveyor of Pictures is paid £300, the Librarian (who, by the way, is Richard R. Holmes, an eminent author) receives £500, the Examiner of Plays has £320, the Keeper of the Swans is paid £60, and the Barge Master, who looks after the boats used by the Royal family at Windsor, has a similar compensation.

The Queen has two lady readers, Miss Bauer and Mlle. Norele, who are paid £300 a year each. It is their business to read her the newspapers not only of her own dominion, but the principal publications of Germany and France. Her chief cook is a gentleman by the name of A. F. Feltan, who receives £300 a year and has several assistants. The First Clerk of the Kitchen, Edward Lorly, keeps account of the expenditures, audits the cook's bills, and sends them to the High Steward to be paid. The Gentleman of the Cellars, Thomas Kingscote, looks after Her Majesty's wines. She drinks very little herself except Scotch whisky, which is prescribed by her physician.

The more important people about Windsor Castle are the physicians and surgeons (who treat the entire household of a thousand persons or more), the Master of Horse (who is the Duke of Portland), the Grand Chamberlain, Maids of Honor and Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Queen's Coachman is Thomas Burnham, who occupies a very responsible position, because he drives her every day. The State Coachman is Edwin Miller, who never ascends the box except upon occasions of the greatest consequence, when Her Majesty is drawn by eight cream-colored stallions.

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Mrs. Cleveland's Veto

AN INCIDENT which occurred during the first Cleveland Administration illustrates the good feeling existing between the newspaper men and the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Construction. A certain correspondent who was on particularly intimate terms with the chief, called at his office and was received with unusual cordiality.

Calling the correspondent by his first name, the chief said: "Look here, Blank, I want you to do something for me. Mr. ——'s appointment to a place in this department, after being fought through two Congresses, has prevailed, has been signed by Secretary Whitney, and only awaits the signature of the President. You of all men in Washington can find out what action the President will take, and I think you know a way to prevent the document being signed."

The correspondent replied: "I think I know a way." He left the building and went for Miss ——, who was at that time doing Washington society for the Associated Press. To her he told the story and explained what he wanted done.

Miss —— obtained an audience with Mrs. Cleveland, and told what she came for. Mrs. Cleveland went to the President's desk and singled out a paper with the remark, "There, I guess that is the one you mean." She then turned a corner of the document down and left it.

In the course of his work the President came to the paper, and then, in a surprised tone, said to Secretary Lamont, "Dan, do you know anything about this appointment?"

Mr. Lamont didn't know anything about it.

"Well," said the President, "Frances has evidently turned this down for a purpose; I guess it's all right." And the official signature was not attached.

The NAVY as a CAREER

by Robley D. Evans

Captain U.S.N.

The clearest call that a man's heart hears
When the beat of the blood leaps strong like fire,
Is the call of the sea, through the circled years
A longing that may not rest nor tire.
—Charles Washington Coleman.

THE youth who hears this call and knows what it means should feel that his profession has been chosen for him and his life-work cut out. To answer the call and "follow the sea" in one way or another should be his lot. But if he wishes to enter the United States Navy in response to the call, before he makes his decision he should know how hard the life that he is to follow will be.

Many distinguished officers of the Navy, in face of the treatment accorded them by the United States Senate since the Spanish War, are saying: "It is fortunate we were taught young, otherwise the Navy never would have seen us!"

But the bitter words of the heartsick officers in nowise contradict the ringing lines of the poet which are always true, while the bitterness caused by lack of appreciation and injustice will pass with time. Consciousness of duty done and faithful service to the country will outlive the sense of the neglect and ingratitude of the temporary representatives of the people, and the sea will still call to the heart of the young man.

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THE CADET MUST HEAR THE CALL OF THE SEA

To be a successful naval officer one must not only hear "the call," but have certain natural qualifications that will fit him for a sea life. Among these the most important is a love for the sea and the life of a sailor. A seasick officer, as a rule, can never do himself justice nor render efficient service. Therefore, unless the lad loves the sea, and is comfortable when afloat, let him give up all thought of a naval life. It is true that many naval officers suffer from seasickness and the hardships of a sea life, but they only discover this after their Naval Academy course is completed, and in most cases they feel that it is then too late to choose a new profession. They simply suffer, or draw their pay and wish they had never been born.

There are also a few officers who are lacking in all the sea-going qualifications who make themselves very useful on account of their scientific acquirements. I am not writing for this class, but rather for the youth who will make the average sea-officer—not for the exceptions, in other words, but for those who make the rule.

The ability to command men is a natural gift, and one more necessary in the naval profession than in any other, because the naval officer actually commands his men all the time. He lives with them night and day, and is never out of the sound of their voices.

This ability to command or manage others is shown very early in life by most boys, and is usually accompanied by a more or less accurate judgment of character. Every thoughtful observer at college or school can detect the leader among the athletes, or the baseball nine, the football team, or in the eight-oared shell, and this leader has one of the strongest qualifications for the naval profession.

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LEARNING TO COMMAND ONE'S SELF

With this must also come the possibility of discipline—the nature to take discipline, and let it become second nature—for no man can command men who cannot command himself. The greater the spirit and self-reliance of the lad the better, provided always that he can command himself. The higher the temper and quality of the steel the better the spring becomes, but it must be a spring in order to do the duty required of it. To sum up, then, the natural qualifications which are necessary in one who hopes to become a successful naval officer we must count:

First—Love for the sea and a sea life, with the perfect physical condition necessary to stand the hardships incident to such a life.

Second—Ability to control and command men.

Third—Disposition to acquire and retain discipline and knowledge.

Fourth—Manliness and honesty of character and devotion to duty and country.

Having decided on the Navy as a profession, the lad will then face his four years at Annapolis, and he must be prepared for the hardest struggle of his life. The course of study and drill is the best of any university in the world, and naturally it is the most difficult to master. The discipline is strict and absolute, but is enforced with kindness and consideration by officers who have themselves submitted to it, and who know its value as well as the difficulty of acquiring it.

The necessity for instant and unquestioning obedience to orders and respect for authority are inculcated from the moment the candidate enters the academic limits, and in proportion as this lesson is learned life in the Navy, or rather life in preparation for the Navy, becomes easier. The dreadful "grind" of the books grows harder, of course, but the drills and exercises change from work to pleasure as their object and usefulness become plain. Perfect physical condition, the result of scientific physical education and training, makes life a pleasure, and the advantages of the Academy in this direction are soon felt.

As the course progresses the effect of the "weeding out" process is apparent, and the class that entered over one hundred strong is gradually reduced until graduation day finds only thirty-five or forty—a band of brothers, perfect physically and mentally, strong in brain and muscle, ready to face and solve the problems of naval life.

The results of four years of hard work now begin to show, and the young man fortunate enough to have endured the ordeal enters on a life the advantages of which are varied and important.

He may serve his country in her most honored calling, and, if need be, die in defense of the flag he has been taught to hold sacred. Of all the advantages of the Navy as a profession, this must be considered first and of greatest value.

Then may come the social advantages incident to his position and the uniform he wears. He will find as he travels the world over that all doors and all homes are open to him and that he is a welcome guest in every social grade, from the palace of the ruler to the hut of the humblest native in some far-away clime.

This life afloat will be such as to develop all that is manly and good, and the *camaraderie* of his mess life will color all that comes after. He will find his level among his steerage messmates, and this level will not change as time goes on, nor will the friendships, strong and healthy, formed in those days ever die. All his young life afloat will be spent in close contact with the men who are some day to make his reputation for him when the supreme hour of battle comes, and he will learn to respect the manhood under their blue shirts. He will know, also, if he has correctly learned what the Naval Academy has striven to teach, how to "*get under the skins*" of these honest men behind the guns and gain their confidence and respect, so that he may manage them and make them happy and contented.

He will enjoy the advantages of travel and association with those of his own class and his own cloth without ever a fear that unworthy motives have a place in their lives. The ideal life for a man is that of a naval officer.

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THE DISADVANTAGES OF NAVAL LIFE

Of the disadvantages of the Navy as a profession little can be said unless money-getting be considered as important. By money-getting I mean the accumulation of money beyond the necessities of life. To the man who has this in view the Navy offers no place. The pay is sufficient to keep one from want, but nothing more. The only real disadvantages of the Navy as a profession are the enforced absence of the officer from his home and family while his children are growing and being educated, and his inability to make for himself a home. These are real, and must be seriously considered before the final decision is reached.

One other serious disadvantage should be mentioned, and that is the life of exposure and hardship—sleepless nights of anxiety are the rule after a certain rank is attained, and through all ranks the exposure to wind and weather, heat and cold, is common. But these have their counterparts in all walks of life where men lead real lives.

Of actual hardship there is plenty, but this tends to make real men of those who choose the Navy as a profession. To stay on the bridge for thirty-six hours in a howling gale is a real hardship, but it is part of a Captain's duty, and must be done. To stand at quarters during half a night in the tropics is a hardship after the excitement of the first half-dozen nights, but it is part of the contract, and must be met. To stand on the forecastle of a battle-ship all night, with the sea breaking ten feet over your head every few minutes, while the thirteen-inch guns swing from side to side, is surely a hardship; but every man is the better for it, and feels a justifiable pride when the five hundred tons of turret and guns have been mastered and secured so that they can do no further harm. Naval life is full of hardships, but naval men show the benefit of having stood those hardships. Every battle with the elements leaves its mark for good on the men who come, successful, out of it.

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THE GREATER CHANCES IN THE NEW NAVY

The chances of success and promotion for those who choose the Navy as a profession are vastly increased by the passage by the last Congress of what is known as the Navy Personnel bill. Officers may now look for a steady flow of promotion in all grades, and the ambitious ones may hope to command before advancing years have lessened the self-confidence that gives young men the daring, by which in great measure comes the power to do so.

The provisions of the bill are such that a certain time only can be spent in each grade, and at a certain stated age an officer must have attained a certain known rank. In addition to this, the secrets of the engine-room are no longer secrets, but every line officer may know them. The much-talked-of dangers and hardships of the engine-room and the roaring furnaces, with their black and sweating fellows, will now be presided over by a line officer; and the former Engineer, now happily a line man, will have a chance at the guns, and be allowed to face the biting gale.

For all hands, the new policy of our Government, if such I may call it, promises much more active service, and that, of course, brings promotion in its train. If we are to do our fair share, among nations, of the police work of the sea, and maintain the position forced upon us by the results of the Spanish War, then our naval service must be greatly increased, both in ships and personnel. This means active work, and consequent promotion.

If the Spanish War has taught us anything, it is the vast and vital importance of sea power. Spain's splendid Army of 200,000 men in Cuba was forced to surrender because the fleet of Admiral Cervera was destroyed off Santiago—because the sea power of Spain was destroyed, and she was helpless.

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It is hoped that Congress now feels that if the United States had possessed a sufficient Navy the war with Spain would never have come, and that the best guarantee for peace is absolute readiness for war—at least so far as naval defense is concerned; and that, feeling this, they will give the country such ships as actual experience shows we should have. When this is done, the Navy as a profession will be more attractive than it now is, but to reap the full advantage of such wise and liberal legislation, time must not be wasted, and the preparation for a sea life should begin at once.

In conclusion, the Personnel bill provides for the retirement, with proper compensation, of all those who have served the country faithfully. Not the least, by any means, of all the advantages of the Navy as a profession is the certainty of compensation: the knowledge that a Government check, small though it be, will certainly come at the end of each month is most comforting.

I might write many chapters on the pleasures of a naval life. From the first donning of the uniform until the end comes our lives are replete with pleasure. We find in after years that the dreadful grind of academic life had its pleasures, though at the time we did not appreciate them. Life in the steerage, particularly in a large ship, is delightful—plenty of hard work, with no end of "dressing down" from division and executive officers, makes keener the pleasure of the hours off duty. Then the youngster feels that he is sowing his wild oats, and that is a pleasure to him and to those about him.

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THE GREATEST PLEASURE IN NAVAL LIFE

But the true pleasure of naval life comes with the first command—the torpedo-boat for the young Ensign or Lieutenant. To feel that you really know the little wasp, can make her do as you bid, and deliver her deadly sting to the battle-ship when the time comes, is worthy pleasure—the pleasure of responsibility and power.

With advancing years will come the position of Executive Officer, and with it the pleasure of knowing that by your knowledge of organization you make a great, complicated machine work perfectly, and that hundreds of men are happy and contented because you make them so. The man who has faced the gale knows better than any other the pleasure that comes with the calm, just as the one who has strained his eyes through an anxious night of blinding snow or fog, hearing his own heart throb at the sounds about him, knows better than any one else the pleasure that comes with the dawn and the blue sky.

After years of work and pleasure one may have the joy of saying to his Captain: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley"—or of publishing to his command after a great victory:

> "You have the gratitude and congratulations of the whole American people. Convey to noble officers and crews, through whose valor new honors have been added to the American Navy, the grateful thanks and appreciation of the Nation."

The words of the President to Admiral Sampson.

Surely the choice of the Navy as a profession is a happy one for him who has heard "the call of the sea."

Rudyard Kipling to "Fighting Bob"

Rudyard Kipling has presented Captain Robley D. Evans with a set of his works and a letter containing these verses:

ZOGBAUM draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen.
But you sit up in a conning tower,
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine,
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are making HISTORY

The Philippine Puzzle

THE recent defeat of the Filipino rebels at their capital, Malolos, and the steady weakening of Aguinaldo's Army, render a policy of prompt action on the part of the United States imperative.

The dilly-dallying that preceded the ratification of the treaty must not be repeated. Such a course would surely result in the estrangement of the natives, who would lose all confidence in a nation that, with such grandiloquent proclamations, professes to have their welfare at heart.

Action should at once be taken to keep the present disaffection from spreading outside of Luzon, where it has been chiefly centred, for Aguinaldo will not so easily give up a struggle that means so much to his ambition. His emissaries are even now sowing the seeds of dissension among the various provinces which have so far shown no inclination to oppose the Americans. Defeated in one part, he hopes to find refuge and succor in another, and if he is able to continue his plan of campaign only a few months longer he knows that he will be able to secure for himself a much more honorable peace than in the case of surrender when driven to bay.

As chief of the Tagalogs he is hated both by the aborigines and the savage tribes of the North and the Visayas of the South, and it would therefore be comparatively easy for the Americans to take advantage of this fact and to neutralize any hostility that he may have fomented against them. To do this successfully envoys should be sent to each tribe and province, there to proclaim the pacific intentions of the Americans as shown in the recent proclamation of the Philippine Commission.

If this is done, much trouble, much labor and much bloodshed may be averted; for it cannot be expected that the masses of the Filipinos will receive their new masters with any degree of warmth unless they have first been given assurance of their benevolence and sincerity.

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In the meantime, while this is being done, Aguinaldo himself should be hunted down, for he is a dangerous man to be roaming at large. His adherents must still number many thousands, and in the several weeks of the wet season, which is now at hand, when an active campaign is impossible, this may be increased tenfold. He is astute and untiring, and will always bear watching; he must be caught.

When this has been done the insurrection will be practically at an end. The other leaders, Luna, Sandico and Pio del Pilar, though having some influence and considerable following, cannot long survive the capture or the death of their leader.

With the people pacified, the work of American occupation and administration should be rapidly effected. Care should be taken to follow the wise and excellent measures of the proclamation, for all of these I believe to be based upon the needs of the hour. A military post should at once be established in every province, for, like all semi-savage races, my countrymen are often awed into obedience by an impressive show of force when gentler means fail. The natives should, as far as possible, be allowed to share in the duties and responsibilities of the new Government. This would appeal to their vanity and stimulate a feeling of civic virtue.

Elementary schools, with Filipino teachers, should also be established, that the growing youth of the islands may be taught the value and the significance of their new citizenship. The *cedula*, or tax of personal identity, should at once be abolished; for this has for ages been the curse of the people and the blight of their institutions. All the taxes levied within the islands should naturally be expended to their advantage; nor should such taxes be assessed and collected without the consent of the natives, through their representatives.

A pure judiciary is the crying need, and as the Supreme Court is the fountain-head of justice, the President of the United States should appoint a man of wisdom and integrity to that important and trying position.

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The commerce of the archipelago would soon be increased tenfold by good public roads, and these should be built without delay.

I see that an efficient civil service is promised the natives. Now, such a consummation is no less devoutly to be wished in the Philippines than in the United States, but I cannot see that it is any more likely of fulfillment in the former than in the latter. In both places it seems, I confess, a long way off.

And this leads me to sound a note of warning. Beware of the spoilsman. Let my country once become the Mecca of the place-hunter, and those islands—so rich and full of glorious possibilities—will soon be used for private gain and for national exploitation, and America's mission will have been unfulfilled and her pretensions but a mockery.

Keep politics out of the Philippines. The Filipinos themselves, always jealous of questions of personal privilege, will ardently welcome every opportunity for home rule; and it should be the aim of the Americans in every way to make them worthy of it in all its manifold phases.

Most of the Filipinos are Roman Catholics and are very devout. They should therefore be undisturbed in the exercises of their religion, and should be given every privilege accorded to Catholics in the United States.

Furthermore, I should say that all reforms in the various departments of the Government and in the branches of the public service should be undertaken as soon as possible, and that only those natives should be honored with appointment to office who have shown themselves friendly to the United States and who have already proven their capacity.

That these may be discovered I believe that the President of the United States should convene a General Assembly, or representative gathering, from all the provinces, where such measures as may be beneficial to the colony may be discussed and recommended, and where also men may be found able and willing to carry them into execution.

Under the directorship of the United States I feel sure that my countrymen will soon show their worth and their capacity for self-government. Perfect independence, on the contrary, would now mean the utter ruin of the colony, for there is unfortunately the most bitter jealousy among the various tribes, and only a stronger power can wield them into one nation with a common purpose and a common destiny.

I regard, therefore, the advent of the United States, as the successor of the effete and corrupt Spaniard, as a most fortunate thing—I should almost be tempted to call it providential. If America proves itself equal to its chosen mission, it will have won the everlasting gratitude of millions of my countrymen, as well as a splendid jewel in the crown of its statehood.

Ramon Reyes Lala

RAMON REYES LALA

The United States Rejects a British Proposal for a Bimetallic Conference

An effort has been made to bring about another conference on bimetallism between the United States and Great Britain, this time on the initiative of Lord Aldenham, a Director of the Bank of England and President of the British Bimetallic League.

Lord Aldenham is anxious for a conference this summer that will lead to the reopening of the British Indian mints at the ratio of twenty-two to one, because of a fear that the United States Government may reenact the old ratio. The United States is unwilling to reopen the question at present, though disposed to consider the question of a ratio.

The present attitude of the United States Government rests on the reply of the British Government to the proposals of the United States Commission in 1897: that it was unable to reopen the mints at that time, that it did not see the desirability of an international monetary conference, and that it regretted the inability to accede to the proposals.

Cuba to Have a Commercial Fleet of Her Own

President McKinley has taken the first step toward enabling the Cubans to create a mercantile marine of their own, one of the most vital features of nationality, by ordering the abolition of all registry fees for documenting foreign vessels in Cuban ports.

Under this order Cubans will be privileged to purchase ships wherever they can make the best bargains till they can establish shipyards of their own, and will be able to engage at once in a coastwise trade having an extent of more than three thousand miles.

Already the Cubans have begun trading with Venezuela and Mexico, but this is done at their own risk, the United States Government guaranteeing protection to their vessels only in the ports of the island and those of the United States.

They are now free to trade at ports of the United States, but in the absence of reciprocity their vessels must pay the same local duties as those of other aliens.

Home-Coming of One of the Victors of Manila Bay

The homeward voyage of the United States cruiser Raleigh, the first of Admiral Dewey's squadron to return, was a triumphant progress all the way from Manila to New York. She stopped at all important British colonial ports en route, and everywhere received a grand welcome by the Army, Navy and civilian population.

Americans were not more eager than people of other countries to see a vessel that had taken part in one of the most brilliant engagements in history, and, at the end of the voyage, ship, officers and men were received with ceremonies of exceptional distinction.

The Raleigh was not only in the battle in Manila Bay, but also took part in the capture of the Corrigedor forts and of the Spanish gunboat Callao, and in the bombardment of Subig and the works at Malate, which forced the surrender of Manila itself.

An interesting feature of the homeward voyage, in view of the fact that peace had not yet been proclaimed, was the exchange of salutes between the Raleigh and a Spanish transport at Singapore, and with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Camara at Gibraltar.

Cheaper Postal Facilities Between Canada and the United States

The postal changes which Canada has recently made involved much that is of interest to American correspondents and business men beyond the mere reduction of letter postage rate. Under the new regulations, letter postage within Canada and from Canada to the United States is now two cents per ounce, and between Canada, Great Britain and thirty-seven different parts of the Empire two cents per half ounce.

Immediate delivery of both letters and parcels is now provided for all the large cities, on the general plan of the special-delivery system of the United States. Books in raised characters for the blind are transmitted within the Dominion free of charge, and American postal cards deposited in Canada will be forwarded to any address there or in the United States when provided with Canadian one-cent stamp.

Success of the Czar's Peace Congress Threatened by a Great European Issue

Ever since Count Muravieff issued the Czar's invitations to the Universal Peace Conference, Europe has been stirred by the question as to whether Pope Leo would be represented, and his claim to equality with sovereigns recognized thereby.

It looks as if the Russian Premier had this very contingency in view when he sent out the invitations, for he addressed them to the Powers represented at the Russian Imperial Court. Now, unlike most European Courts, that of Russia does not receive a Papal nuncio, but Russia is represented at the Vatican by a diplomatic agent, and the purport of the original circular was communicated to the Vatican.

Very naturally the Pope put forth a claim to be represented at a conference having for its declared purpose the promotion of peace among all mankind. If Leo is recognized by Russia as a temporal sovereign, Italy and possibly some other nations will not be represented; and if Leo is not to be represented a still larger number of nations will hold aloof.

As the Czar is anxious to have all the Great Powers of the world take part in the congress, the question of the status of Pope Leo has created a complication that threatens the success of the movement.

April Eleventh an American Red-Letter Day

Another red-letter day in the history of the United States was April 11, when the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace with Spain, at Washington, brought the war to a legal termination. The day also saw a large and most encouraging increase in the trade of Cuba, Porto Rico and Manila under American administration.

In Cuba, the greatest obstacle against the making of prosperity had been overcome by the dissolution of the Military Assembly and the delivery of the Army muster-rolls to the American Governor-General, to facilitate the disbursement of the $3,000,000 fund.

In the Philippines the day saw the important city of Santa Cruz, the Filipino stronghold on Laguna de Bai, in possession of the troops in General Lawton's expedition, with all the insurgent communications cut off on the east and the Americans still pushing forward.

Nations Seeking Reciprocity with the United States Must Hurry

One reason why so many foreign countries are now seeking reciprocity treaties with the United States is that the time which the Dingley law gave the President in which to negotiate them expires on July 24 next.

The new treaty with Japan will go into effect a few days before that date. France is anxious for a revision of its treaty of last year, and offers the United States its minimum tariff list, an advantage of about twenty-five per cent. over the present maximum rates.

Fresh negotiations with Germany have been deemed sufficiently important to be carried on by the respective Departments of State rather than by commissioners. Conclusions with Great Britain were about being signed when that Government decided to grant concessions to the British West Indies which would greatly lessen the advantages of reciprocal arrangement.

Cotton Milling Stirring North Carolina to Unusual Industrial Activity

An unusual industrial awakening has reached North Carolina which the last Legislature did much to promote. Authority was given to a number of towns to issue bonds for permanent local improvements, and charters were granted for twenty-three banks, sixteen railroad companies and eight insurance corporations.

It is locally claimed that the establishment of the above institutions, the development of water-powers, the installation of electric-power plants, and the building of textile milling concerns have all been made necessary by the recent extraordinary success of the cotton industry.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

He Made Mr. Davis Explain

The recent arrival in this country of Richard Harding Davis, following on the heels of his messenger-boy, Jaggers, who carried personal letters from the author in London to some of the author's friends in this country, recalls an amusing story which is told of this brilliant and eccentric young writer.

The scene was in the home of an actress in New York. She was entertaining a caller who knew all of Mr. Davis' stories by heart, when the author was announced. After the two men had been properly introduced the business man continued his conversation. Mr. Davis was clearly impatient. He had something of his own to say. After fidgeting a bit, walking over to the window and drumming on the panes, he went back to his chair and produced some photographs.

"Here are some pictures of the people who are playing in The Littlest Girl," he explained.

"Ah?" said the business man.

"Yes," replied Mr. Davis.

"An American play?"

"Yes, one of mine."

"Indeed!"

"From one of my stories," added Mr. Davis irritably; "my Van Bibber stories."

"Van Bibber! Van Bibber!" repeated the business man. "German stories?"

"No; English. I wrote them first for a newspaper, and then——"

With an imperturbable face the business man, aided by the silence of the actress, led the author, step by step, to tell the history of the Van Bibber yarns, from the newspaper to the stage, and when he had finished both men rose and gravely shook hands. Mr. Davis was red and perspiring. The other man was cool and collected.

Then the business man withdrew and treated himself to a bird supper, and his solitary laughter made the waiter fear that he was serving a lunatic.

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Miss Reel's Electioneering Methods

For a really clever woman defeat in any undertaking is impossible. Miss Estelle Reel, Indian Agent of the Cheyenne Reservation, decided that, so far as she could see, there was no good reason why men should hold the monopoly of politics. As she lives in Wyoming, the home of woman suffrage in America, her self-appointed task was not so difficult of achievement as it might have been in any other locality. To her mind, the most efficient Superintendent of Public Schools which could be chosen was a woman, and that woman was Miss Estelle Reel. Her political stock in trade consisted of rare personal attractions and a sound, practical education.

WILLIAM F. MURRAY, Jr.

She received the nomination and was elected by an unprecedentedly large majority. Her electioneering methods were rather novel, even for America. A few days before the election was to be held, most of the male voters, especially the unmarried ones, received the photograph of a charming young woman. On the margin of the picture was written in a neat, feminine hand: "I am Estelle Reel. Please vote for me for Superintendent of Public Instruction."

When President McKinley appointed her Indian Agent, the appointment was indorsed by all political parties.

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Sherman and the Reporters

Most public men of note make their announcements to the public in the newspapers through the medium of special reporters to whom they have taken a fancy or have come to trust. Many a young reporter dates his first start toward success from this confidence of a man of the hour.

The late William H. Vanderbilt usually gave out his news through Howard Irving Smith, now a prosperous Wall Street editor; Roscoe Conkling made a reporter named Reilly the medium of his communications of unusual weight, and Thomas C. Platt as a rule confides his most important interviews to Edward Riggs, of the New York Sun.

Ex-Secretary John Sherman's favorite reporter is Homer Fort, a veteran New York hotel reporter. While the statesman frequently sees other news-gatherers during his visits to the metropolis, he always gives his views freely to Mr. Fort. When Mr. Sherman's book of memoirs was in print and the whole country was anxious to learn what it contained, Mr. Sherman imparted to Mr. Fort the contents of the volume, so far as his time would permit, and the publication of the interview the same afternoon created no end of comment.

JOHN SHERMAN

In giving an interview Mr. Sherman is a model. He talks slowly, decisively and calmly. He answers questions readily and apparently without any mental reservations. He seldom shows feeling, and whatever he says is directly to the point. Mr. Sherman is always truthful in stating his mission. Sometimes it is politics, again railroad business, or it may be a bank matter, for the ex-Secretary of State is a man of many and varied affairs, most of which claim his closest personal attention.

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How Captain Brownson Saved the Brazilian Republic

The assignment of Captain Willard H. Brownson to the United States battle-ship Alabama, now nearing completion at Philadelphia, recalls an exploit by him at Rio de Janeiro, in January, 1894, that thrilled the country by its timeliness, and broke the backbone of the rebellion that the Brazilian Admiral de Gama had fomented.

De Gama had several ships under his command, and a strong antipathy against everything American. Forbidden to fire on the city as he had threatened, De Gama sought revenge in preventing the American vessels in the harbor from going to their berths to unload.

This situation had been kept up for several days when the American Admiral Benham arrived at the harbor with his squadron. The merchantmen appealed to him for assistance. He notified Admiral de Gama that the American vessels must be allowed to proceed to their berths, and when the latter persisted in refusing, Captain Brownson was ordered to convoy the ships in with the cruiser Detroit.

Brownson executed his order in the teeth of the rebel flag-ship fully prepared for action and with his own ship in like readiness. He conducted the American bark Amy past the insurgents' ships, and saw her tied safely up to a forbidden dock. De Gama saw his blockade broken, and soon afterward gave up the struggle. Subsequently it was acknowledged that this act of Captain Brownson had really saved the young Republic of Brazil.

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Our Schoolboy Veteran

Corporal William F. Murray, Jr., of Boston, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only veteran of the Spanish-American War who is enrolled among the public school scholars of his native city, if not, indeed, of the whole State of Massachusetts.

He is seventeen years old now, although when war was declared he was just past sixteen. Although a Lieutenant in the Second Regiment, Boston School Cadets, he did not hesitate to offer his services as a private in the ranks.

By reason of special qualifications Murray was enlisted, on special telegraphic orders from Washington, in the Tenth Company, United States Volunteer Signal Corps, under the command of Captain Thomas F. Clark, of Boston.

Young Murray is a Boston boy, and expects to enter Harvard University next fall.

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The New Congressional Librarian

If Herbert Putnam does not effect a revolution in the great Congressional Library at Washington it will be a disappointment to most book men who have watched the career of this brilliant young librarian since he forsook law for bibliothecal work in Minneapolis.

After making the library a model of its sort, he went to the Boston Public Library in 1895. At that time this was probably as useless a valuable collection of books as there was in the country. Within three months after Mr. Putnam took charge he hung out signs reading:

> "If you do not get a book within fifteen minutes after you call for it, complain at the librarian's office."

That is the kind of a business man he is. But Mr. Putnam was not satisfied with promptly furnishing what they called for. He established branches in various parts of Boston, and also put libraries, which were changed at regular intervals, in fire engine houses and police stations. He established a system of traveling libraries among schools and in the poorer sections of the town. He worked the old library up from cellar to garret. He made it one of the greatest educational factors in the modern Athens before two years had elapsed.

HERBERT PUTNAM

What Mr. Putnam will do with the Government's great storehouse probably even he himself does not know just now, but that it will become in fact as well as in name the chief library of America hardly admits of a doubt.

Personally, the new librarian is one of the most approachable of men. He is quick and decisive in his manner, but uniformly courteous, and he has the faculty of disposing of an immense amount of business in an incredibly short space of time. He is a brother of George Haven Putnam, the New York publisher who is shortly to wed the Dean of Barnard College.

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Mrs. McKinley's Father

"The first time I ever borrowed money," said a prominent New York business man the other day, "was more than thirty years ago. I was seven years old, and was on my way from Cleveland, Ohio, to Ashland to visit some relatives. When the conductor called for tickets I found that my mother had forgotten to give me any money. I was without a single cent. Of course I began to cry.

"'Look in your bag, sonny,' said the conductor.

"I hastened to empty the bag. There was no money there.

"'Mebbe it's in your pockets. Boys is so careless,' suggested the man who sat in the seat in front of me.

"But it wasn't. And I wept all the harder.

"'I'll have to put you off at the next station,' said the conductor, 'and you can take your chances on getting home. You had better telegraph to your mother for carfare.'

"'What's this all about?' interrupted a stout, florid-faced, white-haired man who had been sitting at the farther end of the car. 'What's this boy crying for?'

"'My mother forgot to give me any money, and the conductor's goin' to put me off the train.'

"'Is he? Well, let's see about this. You go on, conductor, and I'll talk to you when you come back.'

"Then the old man sat down beside me, and pretty soon I had told him all I knew, and perhaps a great deal more. When the conductor came back he slipped a five-dollar bill into my hands and told me to pay my fare.

"Of course I thanked him, and promised to write to him and return the money the moment I got home. So he gave me his address and we parted. When I got home I wrote to him and sent him five dollars. Mother also wrote to him. The next mail brought his answer. It was one of the finest letters I ever read. It gave me lots of good advice and returned the money to me as a Christmas present. My friend was Mr. Saxton, a banker in Canton, Ohio, and his daughter is now the wife of President McKinley.

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General Tracy's First Cigar

General Benjamin F. Tracy, former Secretary of the Navy, and who is at present an associate of General Benjamin Harrison in representing this Government in the matter of the Venezuelan boundary dispute, finds the keenest enjoyment in smoking. During his recent voyage to Paris, where he is to present his argument in this international dispute, he passed a good deal of his time in the smoking-room of the steamer. But the General was nearly fifty years old before he acquired the taste for tobacco. Previous to that time smoking made him ill.

During the early seventies he was engaged as counsel in a celebrated case, and was compelled to devote not only the day but the greater part of the night to his task. Once when he was thoroughly fagged out an associate suggested that a cigar with his coffee might have a soothing effect. General Tracy succumbed to the temptation, and before he was aware of it had finished his third cigar. They seemed to quiet his nerves, and he was able to work over his papers the whole of that night. Since that time, perhaps out of gratitude for the effect of those three cigars, General Tracy has been a smoker.

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Harmsworth's Young Aids.—Alfred Harmsworth, the London newspaper publisher, whose companies and properties declared several millions of dollars in dividends last year, is thirty-one years old, and was an office-boy not many years ago. He now controls more than thirty different publications. Mr. Harmsworth thoroughly believes in the value of youth as an aid to business. Of the 4000 and odd editors and clerks in his employ, it is said not one is more than forty years of age. His brother Cecil, to whom he recently gave the full credit for the success of his latest monthly magazine, is only nineteen years old.

President Gilman's Many Duties.—President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, is a busy man. He is generally serving on one or more city commissions, several State charity boards, and a Federal Government board of inquiry into something or other. In person Doctor Gilman is tall, spare and nervously active. He wears flowing side whiskers, and is a persuasive talker.

Mrs. Wolcott's Charities.—Since the elevation of her husband to the Governorship of Massachusetts, Mrs. Roger Wolcott has become one of the leaders of Boston's most exclusive society. She has a famous country place, which during the season is the centre of fashion. But society does not claim all of Mrs. Wolcott's time. She is devoted to letters, is a member of several women's clubs, and is active in charitable work. Her country home is nearly as well known to the children of the slums as it is to the residents of Beacon Hill. Mrs. Wolcott believes in the practical philanthropy of the Helen Gould type.

Colonel Denny's Rapid Promotion.—The Navy Personnel bill makes a Colonel of Major Frank L. Denny, of the Marine Corps. Colonel Denny came from Indiana, where his father was Attorney-General nearly thirty years ago. He was appointed to the Marine Corps through political influence, but his active service has been so brilliant that he soon reached the honor of a staff position in the Quartermaster's Department. He is now near the top of the list, and as he has more than twenty years to serve before reaching the retiring age he will doubtless wear a General's stars. Colonel Denny's family has long been prominent in Hoosier politics. His cousin has been twice Mayor of Indianapolis, and was once a formidable candidate for one of Indiana's seats in the United States Senate.

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XXI

IN THE noon hour of the following day was enacted the brief final scene in the drama of the "Rubber Consols Corner."

For long weeks Mr. Stormont Thorpe had given much thought to this approaching climax of his great adventure—looking forward to it both as the crowning event of his life and as the dawn of a new existence in some novel, enchanted world. It was to bring his triumph, and even more—his release. It was at once to crown him as a hero and chieftain among city men, and transfigure him into a being for whom all city things were an abomination.

In his waking hours the conflict between these aims did not specially force itself upon his attention; he mused upon, and spun fancies about, either one indifferently, and they seemed not at all irreconcilable. But his dreams were full of their warfare—wearily saturated with strife, and endless endeavor to do things which would not be done, and panic-stricken terrors before the shadows of shapeless calamities—until he dreaded to go asleep. In the twilight he awoke oppressed and sick at heart with gloom—and then dozed at intervals through fantastic new ordeals of anguish and shame and fear, till it was decently possible to get up.

Then, indeed, the big cold sponge on his head and spine scattered these foolish troubles like chaff and restored to him his citizenship among the realities. He dressed with returning equanimity, and was almost cheerful by the time he thrust his razor into the hot water. Yet increasingly he was conscious of the wear and strain of it all, and increasingly the date, September ——, loomed before him with a portentous individuality of its own.

This day grew to mean so much more to him than had all the other days of the dead years together that he woke in the darkness of its opening hours and did not get satisfactorily to sleep again. His vigil, however, was for the once free from grief. He drowsily awaited the morning in vague mental comfort; he had recurring haphazard, indolent glimpses of a protecting fact standing guard just outside the portals of consciousness—the fact that the great day was here.

He rose early, breakfasted well, and walked by the Embankment to the city, where at ten he had a few words with Semple, and afterward caused himself to be denied to ordinary callers. He paced up and down the Board room for the better part of the ensuing two hours, luxuriating in the general sense of satisfaction in the proximity of the climax, rather than pretending to himself that he was thinking out its details.

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He had provided in his plan of the day for a visit from Messrs. Rostocker and Aronson, which should constitute the dramatic *finale* of the "corner," and he looked forward to this meeting with a certain eagerness of expression. Yet, even here, he thought broadly of the scene as a whole, and asked himself no questions about words and phrases. It seemed to be taken for granted in his mind that the scene itself would be theatrically impressive, even spectacular.

In the event, this long-awaited culmination proved to be disapprovingly flat and commonplace. It was over before Thorpe had said any considerable proportion of the things he saw afterward that he had intended to say. The two men came as he had expected they would—and they bought their way out of the tragic corner at precisely the price he had nominated in his mind. But hardly anything else went as he had dimly prefigured it.

Mr. Rostocker was a yellow-haired man, and Mr. Aronson was as dark as a Moor, and no physical resemblance of features or form suggested itself to the comparing eye, yet Thorpe even now, when they stood brusquely silent before him, with their carefully brushed hats pulled down over their eyes, stuck to it in his own mind that it was hard to tell them apart. To the end there was something impersonal in his feelings toward them. They, for their part, coldly abstained from exhibiting a sign of feeling about him, good, bad or indifferent.

It was the man with the fair hair and little curly beard who spoke. "How do you do? I understand that we can buy 8500 Rubber Consols from you at 'twenty-three.'"

"No—twenty-five," replied Thorpe.

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The dark man spoke: "The jobbers' price is twenty-three."

"To carry over—yes," Thorpe answered. "But to buy it is twenty-five."

The two sons of the race which invented mental arithmetic exchanged an alert glance, and looked down for an engrossed instant.

"I don't mind telling you," Thorpe interposed upon their silence, "I put on that extra two pounds because you got up that story about applying to the Stock Exchange Committee on a charge of fraud."

"We didn' get up any story," said Rostocker curtly.

"You tried to plant it on us," Aronson declared. "One of your Directors put it about. I thought it a fake at the time."

This view of the episode took Thorpe by surprise. As it seemed, in passing, to involve a compliment to his own strategic powers, he accepted it without comment. "Well—it is twenty-five, anyway," he told them with firmness.

"Twenty-four," suggested Aronson, after another momentary pause.

"Not a shilling less than twenty-five," Thorpe insisted with quiet doggedness.

"We can always pay our other creditors and let you whistle," Rostocker reminded him laconically.

"You can do anything you like," was the reply, "except buy Rubber Consols under twenty-five. It doesn't matter a fig to me whether you go bankrupt or not. It would suit me as well to have you two 'hammered' as to take your money." Upon the spur of a sudden thought he drew out his watch. "In just two minutes' time to a tick the price will be thirty."

"Let's be 'hammered' then!" said Aronson to his companion with simulated impulsiveness.

Rostocker was the older and stronger man, and when at last he spoke it was with the decision of one in authority.

"It is your game," he said with grave imperturbability. "Eight thousand five hundred and twenty-five. Will you deliver at the Crédit Lyonnais in half an hour?"

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Thorpe nodded impassively. Then a roving idea of genial impertinence brought a gleam to his eye. "If you should happen to want more Rubber Consols at any time," he said with a tentative chuckle, "I could probably let you have them at a reduced price."

The two received the pleasantry without a smile, but to Thorpe's astonishment one of them seemed to discern something in it besides banter. Rostocker said: "Perhaps we may make a deal with you," and apparently meant it.

They went out at this, ignoring ceremony upon their exit as stolidly as they had done upon their entrance, and a moment later Thorpe called in the Secretary and dispatched a messenger to bring Semple from Capel Court. The formalities of this final transfer of shares had been dictated to the former, and he had gone off on the business before the broker arrived.

Thorpe stood waiting near the door and held out his hand with a dramatically significant gesture when the little Scotchman entered. "Put her there!" he exclaimed heartily, with an exuberant reversion to the slang of remote transatlantic bonhomie.

"Yeh've done it, then!" said Semple, his sharp face softening with pleasure at the news. "Do you mean to tell me that yeh've pulled it off at twenty-three?"

THE TWO SONS OF THE RACE WHICH INVENTED MENTAL ARITHMETIC EXCHANGED AN ALERT GLANCE

The other's big countenance yielded itself to a boyish grin.

"Twenty-*five*!" he said, and laughed aloud. "After you left this morning it kind of occurred to me that I'd raise it a couple of pounds. I found I was madder about those pieces in the newspapers than I thought I was, and so I took an extra seventeen thousand pounds on that account."

"Gad!" Semple ejaculated with a satisfaction through which signs of an earlier fright were visible. "It was touch-and-go if you didn't lose it all by doing that! You risked everything, man!"

Thorpe ponderously shrugged his shoulders. "Well—I did it, anyhow, and it came off," was his comment. Then, straightening himself, he drew a long, long breath, and beamed down at the little man. "Think of it!" he cried, and clapped an unduly heavy hand upon his slight shoulder. "Think of it! It's actually all over! And now perhaps we won't have a drink! Let's send out for some champagne!"

His finger was hovering over the bell, when the broker's voice arrested it. "No, no!" Semple urged. "I wouldn't touch it. It's no fit drink for the daytime—and it's a scandal in an office. Your clerks will aye blab it about, and nothing harms a man's reputation more in the city."

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"Oh, deuce take the city!" cried Thorpe joyously. "I'm never going to set foot in it again. Think of that!"

None the less, he abandoned the idea of sending out for wine, and contented himself with the resources of the cabinet instead. After some friendly pressure Semple consented to join him in a brandy-and-soda, though he continued to protest between sips that at such an hour it was an indecent practice.

"It's the ruin of many a strong man," he moralized, looking rather pointedly at Thorpe over his glass. "It's the principal danger that besets the verra successful man. He's too busily occupied to take exercise, and he's too anxious and worried to get his proper sleep—but he can always drink! In one sense, I'm not sorry to think that you're leaving the city."

"Oh, it never hurts me," Thorpe said, indifferently accepting the direction of the homily. "I'm as strong as an ox. But all the same, I shall be better in every way for getting out of this hole. And now, I can get off to Scotland to-morrow. But I say, Semple, what's the matter with your visiting me at my place there? I'll give you the greatest shooting and fishing you ever heard of!"

The broker was thinking of something else. "What is to be the precise position of the Company in the immediate future?" he asked.

"Company? What Company?"

Semple smiled grimly. "Have you already forgotten that there is such a thing?" he queried with irony. "Why, man, this Company that paid for this verra fine Board table," he explained, with his knuckles on its red baize centre.

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Thorpe laughed amusedly. "I paid for that out of my own pocket," he said. "For that matter, everything about the Company has come out of my pocket——"

"Or gone into it," suggested the other, and they chuckled together.

"But no—you're right," Thorpe declared. "Something ought to be settled about the Company, I suppose. Of course, I wash my hands of it—but would anybody else want to go on with it? You see, its annual working expenses, merely for the office and the Board, foot up nearly £3000. I've paid these this year, but naturally I won't do it again. And would it be worth anybody else's while to do it? Yours, for example?"

"Have you had any explanations with the other Directors?" asked the broker thoughtfully.

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"Explanations—no." Thorpe told him. "But that's all right. The Marquis has been taken care of, and so has Plowden. They're game to agree to anything. And let's see—Kervick is entirely my man. That leaves Watkin and Davidson—and they don't matter. They're mere guinea-pigs. A few hundreds apiece would shut them up, if you thought it was worth while to give them anything at all."

"And about the property—the rubber plantation—that the Company was formed to acquire and develop. I suppose there really is such a plantation?"

"Oh, yes, it's all there, right enough," said Thorpe.

"It's no good, is it?" Semple asked with affable directness.

"Between ourselves, it isn't worth a sixpence," the other blithely assured him.

The Scotchman mused with bent brows. "There ought still to be money in it," he said with an air of conviction.

"By the way," it occurred to Thorpe to mention, "here's something I didn't understand. I told Rostocker here,

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

Just as a cheeky kind of joke, that after he and Aronson had got their settlement, if they thought they'd like still more shares I'd let 'em have 'em at a bargain—and he seemed to take it seriously. He did, for a fact. Said perhaps he could make a deal with me."

"H—m!" said Semple reflectively. "I'll see if he says anything to me. Very likely he's spotted some way of taking the thing over, and reorganizing it, and giving it another run over the course. I'll think it out. And now I must be off. Aren't you lunching?"

"No—I'll have the boy bring in some sandwiches," Thorpe decided. "I want my next meal west of Temple Bar when I get round to it. I've soured on the city for keeps."

"I wouldn't say that it had been so bad to you, either," Semple smilingly suggested as he turned to the door.

Thorpe grinned in satisfied comment. "Hurry back as soon as you've finally settled with Rostocker and the other fellow," he called after him, and began pacing the floor again.

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It was nearly four o'clock when these two met again together in the Board room, and, having finished the inspection of some papers on the desk, sat upright and looked at each other in tacit recognition that final words were to be spoken.

"Well, Semple," Thorpe began, after that significant little pause, "I want to say that I'm glad you've done so well for yourself in this affair. You've been as straight as a die to me—I owe it as much to you as I do to myself—and if you don't think you've enough even now, I want you to say so."

He had spoken in tones of sincere liking, and the other answered him in kind. "I have more than I ever dreamed of making in a lifetime when I came to London," he declared. "If my father were alive, and heard me tell him that in one year, out of a single transaction, I had cleared over £65,000, he'd be fit to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being. I'm obliged to you for your good words, Thorpe. It's not only been profitable to work with you, but it has been a great educator and a pleasure as well."

Thorpe nodded his appreciation, and then he said: "I'm going to ask a favor of you. I want to leave the general run of my investments and interests here in your hands, to keep track of. I don't want to speculate at all, in the ordinary meaning of the word. Even after I bury a pot of money in non-productive real estate I shall have an income of £50,000 at the very least, and perhaps twice as much. There's no fun in gambling when you've got such a bank as that behind you. But if there are good, wise changes to be made in investments, or if things turn up in the way of chances that I ought to know about, I want to feel that you're on the spot watching things in my interest. And as it won't be regular broker's work I shall want to pay you a stated sum—whatever you think is right."

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"That will arrange itself easily enough," said Semple. "I shall have the greatest pleasure in caring for whatever you put in my hands. And I think I can promise that it will be none the worse for the keeping."

"I don't need any assurance on that score," Thorpe declared cordially. "You're the one sterling, honest man I've known in the city."

It was the broker's turn to make a little acknowledging bow. His eyes gleamed frank satisfaction at being so well understood. "I think I see the way that more money can be made out of the Company," he said, abruptly changing the subject. "I've had but a few words with Rostocker about it, but it's clear to me that he has a plan. He will be coming to you with a proposition."

"Well, he won't find me, then," interposed Thorpe with a comfortable smile. "I leave all that to you."

"I suspect that his plan," continued Semple, "is to make a sub rosa offer of a few shillings for the majority of the shares, and reconstitute the Board, and then form another Company to buy the property and good-will of the old at a handsome price. Now, if that would be a good thing for him to do, it would be a good thing for me to do. I shall go over it all carefully, in detail, this evening. And I suppose, if I see my way clear before me, that I may rely upon your good feeling in the matter. I would do all the work, and assume all the risk, and, let us say, divide any profits equally, you in turn giving me a free hand with all your shares, and your influence with the Directors."

"I'll do better still," Thorpe told him upon brief reflection. "Reconstitute the Board and make Lord Plowden Chairman—I don't imagine the Marquis would have the nerve to go on with it—and I'll make a free gift of my shares to you two—half and half. You'll find him all right—if you can only get him up in the morning—and I've kind of promised him something of the sort. Does that suit you?"

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Semple's countenance was thoughtful rather than enthusiastic. "I'm more skeptical about Lords than you are," he observed, "but if he's amenable, and understands that his part is to do what I tell him to do, I've no doubt we shall hit it off together."

"Oh, absolutely!" said Thorpe with confidence. "I'll see to it that he behaves like a lamb. You're to have an absolutely free hand. You're to do what you like—wind the Company up, or sell it out, or rig it up under a new name and catch a new set of gudgeons with it—whatever you blame please. When I trust a man, I trust him."

The two friends, their faces brightening and their voices mellowed by this serene consciousness of their mutual trust in each other's loyalty and integrity, dwelt no further upon these halcyon beginnings of a fresh plan for plundering the public. They spoke instead on personal topics—of the possibility of Semple's coming to Scotland during the autumn, and of the chance of Thorpe's wintering abroad.

All at once Thorpe found himself disclosing the fact of his forthcoming marriage, though he did not mention the name of the lady's father. When Semple at last took his leave, they shook hands with the deep-eyed earnestness of comrades who had been through battle and faced death together.

It was not until Thorpe stood alone that the full realizing sense of what the day meant seemed to come to him. Fruition was finally complete: the last winnowing of the great harvest had been added to the pile. Positively nothing remained for him but to enter in and enjoy!

Thorpe's fancy pictured this detective as a momentarily actual presence

He found it curiously difficult to grasp the thought in its entirety. He stood the master of unlimited leisure for the rest of his life, and of power to enrich that life with everything that money could buy—but there was an odd inability to feel about it as he knew he ought to feel.

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Somehow, for some unaccountable reason, an absurd depression hovered about over his mind, darkening it with formless shadows. It was as if he were sorry that the work was all finished—that there was nothing more for him to do. But that was too foolish, and he tried to thrust it from him. He said with angry decision to himself that he had never liked the work; that it had all been unpleasant and grinding drudgery, tolerable only as a means to an end; that now this end had been reached he wanted never to lay eyes on the city again.

Let him dwell instead upon the things he did want to lay eyes upon. Some travel, no doubt, he would like, but not too much; certainly no more than his wife would cheerfully accept as a minimum. He desired rather to rest among his own possessions. To be lord of the manor at Pellesley Court, with his own retinue of servants and dependents and tenants, his own thousands of rich acres, his own splendid old timber, his own fat stock and fleet horses and abundant covers and prize kennels—*that* was what most truly appeared to him.

It was not at all certain that he would hunt; a breakneck adventure in the saddle scarcely attracted him. But there was no reason in the world why he should not breed racing horses, and create for himself a distinguished and even lofty position on the turf. He had never cared much about races or racing folk himself, but when the Prince and Lord Rosebery and people like that went in for winning the Derby there clearly must be something fascinating in it.

Then Parliament, of course; he did not waver at all from his old vague conception of a seat in Parliament as a natural part of the outfit of a powerful country magnate. And in a hundred other ways men should think of him as powerful, and look up to him. He would go to church every Sunday and sit in the big Squire's pew. He would be a magistrate as a matter of course, and he would make himself felt on the County Council. He would astonish the county by his charities, and in bad years by the munificence of his reductions in rents. Perhaps if there were a particularly bad harvest he would decline all over his estate to exact any rent whatever. Fancy what a noble sensation that would make! A Duke could do no more.

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It was very clear to him now that he desired to have children of his own—say two, at least, a son and a daughter, or perhaps a son and two daughters; two little girls would be company for each other. As he prefigured these new things, the son was to exist chiefly for purposes of distinction and the dignity of heirship, and the paternal relations with him would be always somewhat formal, and, though affectionate, unexpansive. But the little girls—they would put their arms around their father's neck, and walk out with him to see the pigs and the dogs, and be the darlings of his heart. He would be an old man by the time they grew up.

A beatific vision of himself took form in his mind—of himself growing gray and pleasurably tired, surrounded by opulence and the demonstrative respect of everybody, smiling with virtuous content as he strolled along between his two daughters, miracles of beauty and tenderness, holding each by a hand.

The entrance of a clerk broke abruptly upon his day-dream. He had a telegram in his hand, and Thorpe, rousing himself with an effort, took the liver-colored envelope and looked blankly at it. Some weird apprehension seized upon him, as if he belonged to the peasant class which instinctively yokes telegrams and calamities together. He deferred to this feeling enough to nod dismissal to the clerk, and then, when he was again alone, slowly opened the message, and read it:

"Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 12.

"Our friend died at Edinborough this morning. See you at hotel this evening.

"Kervick."

What Thorpe felt at first was that his two daughters had shrunk from him with swift, terrible aversion; they vanished, along with every phase of the bright vision, under a pall of unearthly blackness. He stood in the centre of a chill solitude, staring stupidly at the coarse, soft paper.

The premonition, then, had justified itself! Something had told him that the telegram was an evil thing. A vaguely superstitious consciousness of being in the presence of Fate laid hold upon him. His great day of triumph had its blood-stain. A victim had been needful—and to that end poor, simple, silly old Tavender was a dead man. Thorpe could see him—an embarrassing cadaver eyed by strangers who did not know what to do with it—fatuous even in death.

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A sudden rage at Kervick flamed up. He clearly had played the fool—clumsily overplying the simpleton with drink, etc., etc. The shadow of murder indubitably hung over the thing. And then—the crass witlessness of telegraphing!

Already, doubtless, the police of Edinborough were talking over the wires with Scotland Yard. A reference to a death in Edinborough in a telegram from Newcastle—it was incredible that this should escape the eye of the authorities. Any minute might bring a detective through that door there—following into the Board room, with his implacable scent, the clue of blood. Thorpe's fancy pictured this detective as a momentarily actual presence—tall, lean, cold-eyed, mysteriously calm and fatally wise, the omniscient terror of the magazine short stories.

He turned faint and sick under a spasm of fright. The menace of inquiry became something more than a threat: he felt it, like the grip of a constable upon his arm. Everything would be mercilessly unraveled. The telegram of the idiot Kervick would bring the police down upon him like a pack of beagles. The beliefs and surmises of the idiot Gafferson would furnish them with the key to everything. He would have his letter from Tavender to show to the detectives—and the Government's smart lawyers would ferret out the rest.

The death of Tavender—they could hardly make him responsible for that; but it was the dramatic feature of this death which would inspire them all to dig up everything about the fraud. It was this same sensational added element of the death, too, which would count with a jury. They were always gross, sentimental fools, these juries. They would mix up the death and the deal in Rubber Consols, and in their fat-headed confusion would say, "Penal servitude—fourteen years." Or, no; it was the Judge who fixed that. But the Judges were fools, too; they were too conceited, too puffed up with vanity, to take the trouble to understand. He groaned aloud in a nightmare of helplessness.

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The sound of his own voice, moaning in his ears, had a magical effect upon him. He lifted his head, gazed about him, and then flushed deeply. His nerveless cowardice had all at once become unbelievable to himself. With a shamed frown he straightened himself, and stood thus for a long minute, engrossed in the definite task of chasing these phantoms from his mind. Once a manly front was displayed to them they slunk away with miraculous facility. He laughed scornfully, defiantly, aloud.

He had over half a million—with power and force and courage enough to do with it what he liked. He had fought luck undauntedly, unwearyingly, during all those years when his hands were empty. Was he to tremble and turn tail now, when his hands were full, when he was armored and weaponed at every point? He was amazed and hurt, and still more enraged at that fit of girlish weakness which had possessed him. He could have beaten himself with stripes for it. But it could never happen again—never!

He told himself that, with proud, resolute reiteration as he got his hat and stick, and put in his pockets one or two papers from the desk, and then glanced about the Board room for what was most likely the last time. Here he had won his great victory over Fate. Here he had put his enemies under his feet, and if innocent simpletons had wandered into the company of these foes it mattered not a whit to him that they also had been crushed.

Figuratively, too, as he walked with firmness to the door, he stepped over the body of old Tavender

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Figuratively, he turned his back upon them now; he left them, slain and trampled, in the Board room behind him. They no longer concerned him.

Figuratively, too, as he walked with firmness to the door, he stepped over the body of old Tavender upon the threshold, and passed on. By the time he reached the street the memory of Tavender had become the merest shred of a myth. As he strode on, it seemed to him that his daughters came again and took his hands, and moved lovingly beside him—lovingly and still more admiringly than before.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Governor Oglesby's Latest Friends.—Former Governor and Senator "Dick" Oglesby is spending his declining days in his country home in Illinois. Not long ago a Chicago man asked him whether he intended to reënter public life. The old gentleman was in his library.

"Do you see those books yonder?" he asked. "They're by Dumas. Next to them are Scott's. Then come Cooper's. Beyond them are Bulwer-Lytton's, and the rest. Do you know, sir, I have been so busy with public life and private business that I have never had time to get properly acquainted with these books. No, sir; no public life for me. These books are my friends. They give me all the public life I need."

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The Conquest of the Preventable

THIS world would be a beautiful place to live in,—if it were not for the people. Man's worst enemy is man. The first trouble that came to man was in the Garden of Eden. Then, he threw the whole responsibility for it on some one else,—and he has been doing so ever since. The greater part of the pain, sorrow and misery in life is purely a human invention, yet man, with cowardly irreverence, dares to throw the responsibility on God. It comes through man's breaking natural, mental, physical or moral laws,—which he knows. It is rarely a wrong of ignorance.

Nine-tenths of the world's sorrow and unhappiness is preventable. What *can* be prevented, *should* be prevented. The old Greek fable of Atlas, the African King, who supported the world on his shoulders, has a modern application. The *Individual* is the Atlas upon whom the fate of the world rests to-day. Let each individual do his best,—and the result is foreordained; it is but a matter of the unconquerable massing of the units. Let each individual bear his part as faithfully as though all the responsibility rested on him, and as calmly, as gently and as unworried as though all the responsibility rested on others.

The newspapers are the great chroniclers of preventable pain and sorrow. Paragraph after paragraph, column after column, and page after page of their story of the dark side of life might be checked off with the word "Preventable." In each instance might be added the name of the human weakness, the sin or wrong through which the sorrow came. The "Preventable" exists in three degrees: First, that which might be prevented by the individual himself; second, that which he suffers through others; third, wherein he is the unnecessary victim of the wrongs of Society, the innocent legatee of the folly of humanity.

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Most accidents are preventable,—as at Balaclava, "some one has blundered." Ten years ago, this very month, over six thousand persons lost their lives in the Johnstown Flood by the bursting of a dam. The flood was one of the great crimes of the century. A leaking dam, for more than a year known to be unsafe, known to be unable to withstand any increased pressure, stood at the head of the valley. Below it lay a chain of villages containing over 45,000 persons in the direct line of the flood. When the heavy rains came the weakened dam gave way. Had there been *one* individual, one member of the South Fork Fishing Club brave enough to have done merely his duty, *one* member with the courage to so move his fellows and to stir up public action to make the barrier safe, over six thousand murders could have been prevented.

A match carelessly thrown near the lace curtains of a hotel window recently cost over fifty lives and more than a million dollars. The folly of a French sea-captain in knowingly going on a wrong course, steaming westward in the track of east-bound ocean liners, wrecked the Bourgogne and its hundreds of passengers. When man permits a torchlight procession in a powder magazine, it is not courteous for him to refer to the subsequent explosion as "one of the mysterious workings of Providence."

Poverty has no necessary place in life. It is a disease that results from the weakness, sin and selfishness of humanity. Nature is boundless in her generosity; the world produces sufficient to give food, clothing and comfort to every individual. Poverty is preventable. Poverty may result from the shiftlessness, idleness, intemperance, improvidence, lack of purpose or evil-doing of the individual himself.

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If the causes do not exist in the individual they may be found in the second class, in the wrong-doing of those around him, in the oppression of labor by capital, in the grinding process by which corporations seek to crush the individual. The individual may be the victim of any of a thousand phases of the wrong of others. The poverty caused by the third class, the weakness and injustice of human laws and institutions, is also preventable,—but to reach the cause requires time and united heroic effort of all individuals.

In the battle against poverty, those writers who seek to inflame the poor against the rich, to foment discontent between labor and capital, do grievous wrong to both. What the world needs is to have the two brought closer together in the bonds of human brotherhood. The poor should learn more of the cares, responsibilities and absorbing worries of the rich. Capital should learn more intimately the sorrows, privations, struggles and despair of poverty.

It is not the great crimes, the great wrongs of the world, that cause most of the preventable pain and sorrow of life. It is not the evil deeds that the law punishes; it is the infinity of petty wrongs for which man can never be tried until he stands with bowed head before the bar of justice of his own conscience. The individual rises to the dignity of true life only when he sets before him as one of his ideals, to be progressively realized in each day of his living, "I will consecrate myself to the conquest of the preventable."

Let the individual say each day, as he rises new-created to face a new life: "To-day no one in the world will suffer because I live. I will be kind, considerate, careful in thought and speech and act. I will seek to discover the element that weakens me as a power in the world, and that keeps me from living up to the fullness of my possibility. That weakness I will master to-day, I will conquer it,—at any cost."

When any failure or sorrow comes to the individual, he should be glad if he can prove to himself that it was his fault,—for then he has the remedy in his own hands. Lying, intrigue, jealousy are never remedies that can *prevent* an evil. They postpone it merely to augment it. They are merely deferring payment of a debt which has to be met later,—with compound interest. It is like trying to put out a fire by pouring kerosene on the flames.

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It is ever the little things that make up the sum of human misery. All the wild animals of the world combined do little damage when compared with the ravages of insect pests. Carelessness in speech is a simple thing, yet three indiscreet words uttered by a clergyman cost James G. Blaine the loss of the Presidency of the United States.

Jealousy in the beginning is but a thought,—in the end it may mean the gallows. Selfishness often assumes seemingly harmless guises, yet it is the foundation of the world's unhappiness. Disloyalty may seem to be a rare quality, but society is saturated with it. Judas acquired his reputation because of his proficiency in it. Sympathy which should be the atmosphere of every individual life is as rare as human charity. The world is suffering from an over-supply of unnecessary evils,—created by man. They should be made luxuries,—then they could be dispensed with.

The world needs societies formed of members pledged to the individual conquest of preventable pain and sorrow. The individual has no right that runs counter to the right of any one else. There are no solo parts in the eternal music of life. Each must pour out his life in duo with every other. Every moment must be one of choice,—of good or of evil. Which will the individual choose? His life will be his answer. Let him dedicate his life to making the world around him brighter, sweeter and better, and by his conquest of preventable pain and sorrow he will day by day get fuller revelation of the glory of the possibilities of individual living, and come nearer and nearer to the realization of his ideals. —WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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The Price of a Million

EVERY now and then you see in the newspapers an interview with some millionaire describing his struggles and successes. If these confessions are to be believed, there are two methods of acquiring great wealth. One is genius. Jay Gould, who never saved a penny in his life, had this sort of genius. The other method, alone worth discussing, may be fairly described as "keeping your eye on the main chance."

A dozen millionaires have explained their systems of money-getting, and one and all may be summed up in the one word: "Application." If you wish to make money you must give your whole mind to it. "It is not what you make, but the proportion you save that makes you rich," Mr. Sage says. "Accumulate," says Mr. Huntington. "I never spent one cent on luxury or pleasure until I was past fifty."

Any young man not absolutely an imbecile can amass vast sums of money by applying his energies solely to that end. The beggar of one-and-twenty who sets himself resolutely to make as much and spend as little as he can is pretty sure to be a tolerably rich man if he live threescore years. Sagacity is a good thing to have; education is useful; but the main thing is self-denial. Mr. Sage, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Huntington, and a dozen others, all bear witness that self-denial is the road to great wealth.

Nothing could be plainer. The young man who wishes to be rich has merely to learn the art of "doing without." He must learn to strip himself of the unnecessary. He must deny himself wife, children, friends—deny himself social pleasures and personal luxuries—deny himself everything that does not aid him in his struggle to be rich. A dollar saved is much more than a mere dollar—it is the potentiality of wealth. A dollar saved and sent out to work for its master is the beginning of wealth.

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Unquestionably, the man who "sets his heart" on making money must deny himself a great deal. He reaches his goal only by dropping on the way almost all that is worth living for. His life is robbed of many hours of happiness that should be in it. In that hard, self-centred game of getting money he loses the faculty of enjoyment. Friends are luxuries far too costly for the struggling millionaire. When he has succeeded, when he is "past fifty," he may, to be sure, buy a friend or two—but such friends are as unsatisfactory as artificial flowers. It is too late for the pleasures of social sympathy; too late for the pleasures of art.

He may shut himself up in his library, with Shelley's Skylark, and say, "Now I will entertain thoughts too deep for tears"; but it will be only to find his appreciations atrophied. The millionaire, according to his confessions, pays dearly for his millions. His life is negative, barren, gray—except in so far as the accumulation of wealth repays him for giving up all that men love best.

Fifty years of exacting labor and rigid self-denial in this country of abundant opportunity will make any man of average intelligence rich. Upon the truth of this statement the rich men are agreed.

But is it worth while?

To decry wealth is as vulgar as to worship it. No man is willingly poor. Indeed, the poor man is only a man who wants to be rich. And that is well and good. He is but a fool who does not plant seeds of trees in his youth that he may have fruit and shade in old age. But on the road that leads to great wealth there seems to be far too many occasions for sacrifice. You must deny yourself the pleasure of helping your friends, of enjoying the costly luxuries of good society and good books and good music; you must deny yourself all those things that are worth living for, and that, as well, teach you how to live.

And then—"after fifty"—when life has cooled and hardened into habit, it is too late to bring yourself into touch with the ways of men who do not practice self-denial, but spend and are spent in the service of humanity.

On the whole, after hearing the evidence of the millionaires, I am inclined to believe that the game of making millions is not worth the candle. There are not enough dollars in a million to repay one for denying himself wife and children, friends and books, and the pleasure—reckless though it be—of giving a dinner to the tramp at the door or the beggar in the street. —VANCE THOMPSON.

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The Buffet Side of Wagnerian Opera

THE progress of the operatic season and the results thus far attained have demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the gentlemen who mould our critical opinions in music, that we are making tremendous strides toward national culture. To this felicitous condition we are indebted largely to the music dramas of Richard Wagner, whose worship is gradually pervading the uttermost parts of the earth.

The Ring of the Nibelungen, like other rings, makes its own rules and regulations. As the forerunner of that popular form of entertainment known as the "continuous performance" it soon made its influence felt. Up to this time persons who affected operatic performances had been accustomed to eat their dinners at the regular hour, and with proper attention to hygienic regulations as to speed; but the first official act of the ring was the announcement that hereafter office hours and dinner would be subordinated to the higher culture, and that thrifty individuals, who wished to get the full value of their money, must be in their seats at a period of time ranging from 5 to 6:45 P. M.

This arbitrary expression of ring rule was received with some perturbation in the highest circles of the very best people, who found themselves unable to reconcile a proper perception of Wagner motifs with the expostulations of empty stomachs, and yet shrank from the announcement of a dinner served before seven o'clock. To meet this difficulty the ring arranged its representations for the Lenten season, ingeniously arguing that, by going without dinners and curtailing the hours of slumber, the true penitents would at once mortify the flesh while catering to their mental and spiritual necessities. This happy solution of the problem was received with general approval, and all embarrassing hitches in the program were remedied a few nights later when a leader of society, taking advantage of a lull in the proceedings of the Rhine daughters, served a hearty supper in her box.

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Now that all-night opera or music drama has been stamped with the approbation of the highest expositors of social culture, provision must be made for the sustenance of the masses during the long ordeal. The plain, every-day, hard-working citizen, however devoted to Wagnerian principles, cannot be expected to go without his dinner. It is likewise absurd to suppose that the occupant of a seat in the orchestra or the parquet will be permitted to carry his dinner in a tin pail, and sit munching his food while Wotan is making his positively last farewell, or Siegfried is prosecuting his tender amour with Brunehild. But it would be possible and proper to establish, in the foyer, owl lunches, flying bakeries or palace dining-cars, where liver sausage, pumpernickel, roggenbrod, ganseleberpastete and other luxuries suggestive of Bayreuth could be obtained for a modest consideration. This is of the very highest importance, for the music lover who has not surveyed food since high noon or one o'clock, and who would rather miss his dinner than a vorspiel, naturally feels a sinking in the pit of the stomach, whatever his mental exaltation, about ten in the evening. It may be necessary, also, to borrow an idea from the late Mr. Pullman, and put up in the lobbies a row of berths or swinging cots for the convenience of those who wish to snatch a few hours of slumber after midnight, when the recitatives are particularly long.

Thus we shall have all the comforts of home, and sit entranced, eat, doze, dream and wake, entranced again, to the divine strains of Wagner, whether a scornful aristocrat or a houseless wanderer. —ROSWELL FIELD.

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Selfish Indifference of American Citizens

"THE fear of God made England, and no great nation was ever made by any other fear."

James Anthony Froude said this more than ten years ago. Kipling said the same thing in another way when he wrote his Recessional. Let us stop long enough to wonder if American politics does not stand in need of some such warning. There was a time when whispered rumor of bribery and other forms of corruption in office brought about a serious shaking of the public head. Nowadays, the openly told story of a purchased "honor" is laughed over. What if a millionaire Senator has bought his way to the eminence of statesmanship? The story arouses no alarm.

Every American citizen has a life interest in the United States. The man who holds stock in a railroad keeps his eye upon the road's management. He thinks it over if he hears of extravagance, and, usually, he talks it over in an emphatic and effective way. The owner of banking interests seeks to know the ins and outs of the house wherein his holdings are employed. Even private account of the misconduct of one of its officials will bring the bank investor promptly forward. Publicly known misuse of trust puts an end to a banking career.

Pamphleteers and sensational orators have agitated narrow circles by calamity cries, yet no one of them has touched upon the most threatening of all our public offenses—the apathy of citizenship. Indifference to the trend of his nation's affairs is the citizen's confession of a heathen confidence in himself. When hundreds and thousands of a country's best representatives smilingly accept stories of public corruption—whether true or not—there exists a national unhealthiness that is a menace. Statesmanship is a word with which we may soon dispense. Generally speaking, narrowed interests are setting the statesman aside.

"Businesslike methods" are desirable in the conduct of the country's affairs, no doubt, but that system which laughs away dishonor and jokes upon corruption is a bad one. In sober moments the American is apt to recognize Infinite Nature. He is yet likely to admit his own insufficiency at the needful moment; but the tendency is away from that humility that succeeds, whether the goal is spiritual or material. The tendency is toward vain pomp and a show of power which "guarding, calls not thee to guard."

There is ever present in the mind of man the germ of spirituality. It is a part of the savage. It is in the hearts of Kings. Civilizations in high development have reduced its potency to the destructive minimum. They may do so again. The great American nation must not become too material in its growing arrogance. —HOMER BASSFORD.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Would that you could like the phonograph, repeat the same thing many times, and I, who must in my calling travel the city streets until nearly 3 A M every night, would ask you to say every week, "There are no necessary evils," as you say in issue of April 1. So-called bright and intelligent men, even good-living men say, "For large cities, at least, there must be certain necessary evils—if not for me, well for my neighbor."

Being only a common, ordinary sort of person, with no pretensions to preaching, I am glad that you can and do say this thing so well. I say, hit this nail again once in a while.

Boston, Massachusetts. A CITY NIGHT-OWL.

[Nothing in sacred or profane lore has ever proved that any evil in the world is necessary. If it be necessary, surrender to it must be inevitable, and then humanity is fulfilling its destiny by surrender to evil. Is man prepared to accept this conclusion? If we accept it, then all human virtue becomes a folly, noble living a burlesque, the most exalted emotions and aspirations of the human heart objects of ridicule.

"Necessary" and "evil" are two contradictory words that can never be properly united. Whatever in life is evil is therefore unnecessary. We may not understand it, we may not be able to remedy it, but we must fill our minds and hearts with absolute confidence that it is *unnecessary*, or our faith in Omnipotence and all good must crumble.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In a recent editorial the statement was made that we are in the twilight of poetry. This would be startling if we were to take Coleridge's definition of poetry as our standard.

Coleridge said: "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language." It is certainly to be hoped that we are not, in our literature to-day, in the twilight of what Coleridge, the great writer and thinker, conceived poetry to be. And to my mind Coleridge is unquestionably an authority on the subject.

The blossom and fragrance, by which we understand the purest, sweetest and most desirable of knowledge, is the part of our literature that appeals to the best elements of mankind.

It was generally conceded by the writers of the past that the rhythmic cadence of verse was the most fitting form in which to express the highest and best of human knowledge, yet it is not necessary that poetry should be expressed in verse; the form, the mode of expression may vary, the thing itself, real poetry, will live as long as human knowledge lives, and the true student of literature will ever be able to [illegible].

It is the poetry in our modern novel appealing to the poetic element in our nature that gives it its charm. And as to the "stuffy old poet," if he has that to say which touches the pulse of humanity, which appeals to the heart of man, he will be heard, and gladly, by the people in whatever form he may choose to express himself.

CHRISTINE BEALS

Athol, South Dakota.

[The writer of the editorial used the word "poetry" in a specific sense, and it is fair to criticise the article only from that point of view. When you substitute Coleridge's definition, the question becomes, "Are we in the twilight of sentiment?"

The answer to *your* question must be found by examining all present-day literature, by studying the life of the world as shown in the psychic interpretation of the present history of nations and of the mental biography of contemporary men and women. The original question means merely the judging of a few thousand books of poetry that constitute the "verse" element of the literature of the last few years. The question, "Are we in the twilight of poetry?" thus means: Is "verse" the medium through which the most exalted sentiment of the age is expressed? If "poetic sentiment" is now finding a fuller, freer expression in *prose* than ever before, then poetry itself is less a power. With all due deference to Mr. Coleridge, his definition is vague, incomplete and elliptical.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I fully agree with Mr. Hawthorne when he denounces editorially the practice of putting witnesses on the rack. But is not this abuse of a lawyer's privilege a natural result of a system of administering justice which makes it the lawyer's interest to gain his client's cause at almost any cost? As long as there are lawyers willing to serve any one for pay, willing to defend the most notorious criminal, so long, I venture to say, there will be lawyers who in their zeal will overreach themselves when questioning witnesses on the other side.

It is charged against lawyers—very often truthfully—that they will prolong a case as much as they can if there is money in it for them. Saying this, we do not say that they are any worse than other people; it is an impulse common to us all to make the most of our profession or business. Can the cause of justice, the love of it and the respect for it in the community, be promoted by such a state of things in law?

I understand there are communities in Germany that have their regularly appointed town physician, paid by the town. He is expected to give his services impartially to rich and poor alike whenever needed. If this arrangement is deemed advisable for the physical good of the community, why should it not be advisable for its moral good to have lawyers paid stated salaries by the town, expecting them to render their services impartially when needed?

If legal counsel and defense is to be had—and this I do not deny—why should it not be equally within reach of all who need it? Why should it be possible for any one to measure the quality and quantity of such defense by the size of his purse?

Allentown, Pennsylvania. H. A. SCHULTZ

[The evil, as stated, is apparent. Your diagnosis is correct, but I cannot agree with you as to treatment. Your proposed remedy would not cure, even if the method were practicable. The town physician's work is not one of *competition*; he is not trying to save a patient that another physician is trying to kill.

Having lawyers appointed by the town and paid by the town would not change human nature. You would not eliminate chances of bribery, corruption, trickery and intrigue. Your lawyers would still be open to the subtle spell of twisting and distorting evidence and obtaining verdicts by their cleverness in manipulating legal technicalities.

In all murder trials the attorney for the State shows as keen a desire to convict as the attorney for the defense does to exonerate. If it were possible to test a lawyer with acid as we do gold, or to weigh him in scales where a guarantee of absolute purity could be given, then your proposed remedy would be a great success. The danger of the Government interfering and arrogating to itself omniscience is very great. It leads to paternalism without end. If it should supply incorruptible lawyers, why stop there? Why not have the Government kill business dishonesty by opening Government stores, selling every possible commodity, and guaranteeing purity, full weight, perfect freshness? How do you think the United States Government succeeded in its purchase of "canned beef"?—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In a recent "Public Occurrence" paragraph [illegible] pointed out the injustice we are doing to the Chinese [illegible] may fight for us but not live among us."

Is it fair, I ask, to refuse the hospitality of our great nation to a people who are peace-loving, industrious and by no means harmful to any community? We admit the scum of Europe to our shores, and then in many cases fill our reformatories with them. This increases taxes, and furnishes an undesirable example. I do wish you would say something editorially against our unfair discrimination against the Chinaman.

Philadelphia. MRS. F. E. N.

[The Chinese Exclusion Act, approved May 5, 1892, and renewing the Scott Law of 1888, is, in its conception and in its details, a disgrace to the Congress and to the nation that made it a law. When examined in all its phases it is found to be a perfect network of ingenious injustice. It is in opposition to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. It was framed and passed in direct violation of the treaty of 1880, which guarantees to Chinese laborers in this country the treatment of the subjects of the most favored nations. This very treaty of 1880, so cavalierly repudiated, was agreed to by China at the express request of the United States Government, which sent three of its most distinguished citizens to Peking to ask for it.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I should like to call attention to three or four errors in the reasoning of Mr. Watterson in his article on expansion.

The writer makes the present position of the United States similar to the position in which Great Britain stood one hundred years ago—claiming that what "England has done with profit America may attempt with safety." The situations are by no means parallel. A century ago the population of Britain was 136 inhabitants to the square mile; ours to-day is a fraction over twenty (20.8+) to the square mile. Does not this alone demonstrate the fallacy of the comparison?

Again, "the mass of Americans . . . have erected a new gospel." I fail to see on what this assertion is based. It h[illegible]. It seems rather a rash statement, certainly for [illegible] have no means of learning the ratio between expansionists [illegible] anti-expansionists. "But we *are* expanding, and therefore the majority must desire expansion." Not necessarily: the act which annexes the Philippines, Porto Rico, etc., seems rather to be effected by the vote of a few (who happen to be in authority) than the fiat of the many.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," etc. This sham argument resolves itself into the manifest destiny doctrine, a doctrine which is radically absurd and the fruit of a coward brain. Best answer it by citing Honorable William P. Wilson's words: "No darky ever came across a Georgia watermelon patch in the stillness of the night without thinking it was the best deal forward or backward." For the sake of convenience we shall reduce this to syllogistic form:

We must go forward;
But to go forward is to expand,
Therefore we must expand.

The major we certainly grant; but the minor we deny. [illegible] *does* mean expansion when the whole country is governed as well as possible, and there is an overflow of able-minded and able-bodied men.

When we reflect upon the matter we can only say to ourselves, Woe to America if she nourish the viper of imperialism, for in a cursed hour will it turn upon her and send its venom through her life-channels.

Mount Washington, Maryland. C. JUSTIN KENNEDY

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Miss Reppner's editorial on the kindergarten in my opinion struck a strong note, and the article deserves the widest publicity. But is there no solution of the educational problem? Are we so far advanced with the mechanical arts and sciences and so grossly at fault in our educational methods?

As a father I am deeply interested in this question. Have you any helpful suggestions by which the faults of our present system can be remedied at home? I am in the dark: can you help me? YOUNG FATHER.

Sacramento, California.

[The fault is not in the kindergarten; it is the educational forcing process that follows the kindergarten. The pure educational theory of Froebel is based on a true study of the child mind, and is formulated into exercises in harmony with Nature's method and plan of gently developing the young mind. There may of course be occasional weakness in losing the spirit of Froebel's revelation in a too close adherence to the letter—but this is merely incidental.

If the kindergarten child does not shine brilliantly in its later training in the public schools its failure means only that its individuality has begun to assert itself, and that its mind instinctively rebels against the hard, unnatural machine methods of modern education. The greatest minds of the world failed hopelessly, or at the worst merely "passed through" in their school and college courses. Weak material is readily moulded; strong individuality resents it.

The suggestions you ask cannot be given in this column, as the limits of space forbid. Perhaps the Educational Weakness of To-Day may be made the subject of a full-length editorial later, instead of an editorial miniature here.—The [illegible]

NOTE.—Under this heading will be given weekly short letters from contributors on topics suggested by the editorial page. Writers will kindly keep their letters for this column within the limit of one hundred and fifty words.

AT THE AMERICAN COURT

President McKinley has resumed his outdoor exercise, and takes long walks through the city of Washington every day. He is generally accompanied by Mr. Porter, his private secretary, or some member of his Cabinet, or General Corbin.

During the war this recreation was suspended, and the only exercise he got was on the gravel walks of the White House grounds. As soon as the weather permits he will resume his horseback excursions into the country. He enjoys the saddle very much, and the roads about Washington are delightful.

President Cleveland never went anywhere except in a carriage accompanied by two detectives, but neither President McKinley nor President Harrison have the slightest physical fear. President Harrison used to drive into the country every pleasant afternoon, behind a rattling pair of roadsters which he purchased through Senator Proctor, of Vermont.

The present Mrs. Harrison, who was then Mrs. Dimmick, was usually his companion, and he never hesitated to go anywhere. President McKinley has been out a good deal in a road wagon, with his wife at his side and a footman in the rumble, but he prefers the saddle for the exercise.

President Harrison used to walk alone in every part of the city, night and day, just like any other ordinary citizen. Going home one night about half past eleven, a friend met him in Dupont Circle. He was walking briskly, with an umbrella for a cane, and when the friend expressed surprise at finding him alone at so late an hour he explained:

"I have been spending the evening with Dan Ransdell."

When remonstrated with at his lack of caution he replied that there was not the slightest danger, and when his friend proposed to walk back with him to the White House he answered rather sharply:

"I would like your company, but I don't need your [illegible]."

It is considered bad form to speak to the President on the street. Of course everybody who recognizes him bows respectfully, and gentlemen always take off their hats. Sometimes, when he meets old friends, he stops to shake hands with them and exchange a few pleasant words, but by common consent he is allowed his outing without interruption. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, remarked the other day that one of the things that impressed him most in America was the manner in which the President is treated by the public when on the streets.

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Sometimes so methodical a man as Secretary Long makes mistakes, and a recent one caused a curious complication. A Washington lady who is famous for her activity as well as her attractions interested herself in the appointment of a young relative as a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. After hearing the presentation of his claim, Secretary Long was so overwhelmed by her eloquence and attractions that he put her name on the list in place of that of the candidate. She was therefore very much astonished a few days later when she received a letter from the Navy Department directing her to appear at the office of General Heywood, commander of the Marine Corps, and submit to a physical examination.

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Visitors to Washington should notice a delicate-looking man who sits at the entrance of the Agricultural Department, for he is one of the heroes of the war. He wears no hair on the top of his head, but a good deal upon his cheeks and chin, although it is not thick enough to conceal a genial smile.

His name is William T. Stedman; he comes from Owosso, Michigan, and is a farmer by trade. He captured Jefferson Davis as he was trying to escape in a woman's waterproof, with a shawl over his head, from a tent near Abbeville, Georgia, on the ninth of May, 1865. The story is a part of history, but few people know Mr. Stedman's part in it.

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The fact that Senator Depew has leased the Corcoran mansion for six years, at a rental of $10,000 a year—double the amount of his salary—indicates that he intends to have a good time during his term of office and furnish a good time for others. The Corcoran house is better adapted for large entertainments than any other private residence in Washington.

It was the home of Daniel Webster when he was Secretary of State; Lord Lyons occupied it while he was British Ambassador; Mr. William W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, made it his home for a quarter of a century, and since his death it has been occupied only by Senator and Mrs. Brice. Society people assume that Mr. Depew is going to fill the vacancy which their departure created. He is a widower with a niece, Miss Paulding, who presides over his household. She is not of the butterfly class, but is a sensible girl.

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It has become a custom for the Secretary of the German Embassy to marry an American girl, although under the rules of the Kaiser he loses his place thereby. Baron Zedlitz was the first to pick an American wife, and married Miss Lina Caldwell, whose sister founded the Catholic University.

Then Baron Kessler selected Miss Ledyard, of Detroit, for his wife, and was transferred to the City of Mexico. Next Count Goetzen married Mrs. "Willie" Lay, and was recalled to Germany, and now Count Bruenning is soon to take Mrs. Gordon Mackay to Constantinople. Her former husband, from whom she is divorced, is a millionaire manufacturer of shoe machinery. She is a very beautiful woman, one of the most beautiful in America, and her divorced husband's affection and admiration for her is so great that he has given her an income or allowance of $25,000 a year, and has promised to continue it even after she marries another man.

THE STOLEN LOVE SONG

The Story of a Musical Courtship

By Robert C V Meyers

I HAD not been in a very good humor for a day or two when Mr. Mason came in to luncheon, looking radiant

I have been," he said, glancing my way 'since nine o'clock interviewing Miss G

I didn't know it took women so ag to give their opinions," remarked Mrs. Fister

"You never can tell how long it takes a woman to give her opinions on certain matters when she puts her mind to it," Mr Mason replied, his eyes on me

"No," I said, "I do not know. I do everything by shorthand." Whereat Mrs Fister seemed puzzled

'Miss Gwen is charming, as I have already told you," went on Mr. Mason "She is a Girton girl Her voice was trained in Paris by Marchesi I am sure by her speaking voice that she sings like an angel. And she's in a sort of trouble, too The love song in King Arthur's Knights is so poor she refuses to sing it, and she doesn't know where to get another

"A good love song would be the making of the Knights," h added, "for the score is rather dull. I've suggested half a doz en local composers, but the lady is skeptical and says good songs are born, and not made"

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"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" smiled Mrs. Fister

'To the right man," concluded Mr Mason, "it would be a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!" It was Mr Tredick who said this, his fork falling in his plate. Then he laughed at what he called his awkward [illegible], and raised his coffee to his lips

"Nora"—thus Mr. Mason addressed me you know everything; where can I get a love song by [illegible]'

"Mercy!" I said, slightly irritated, "you don't think I own an incubator of ditties, do you?"

"No," he smiled, "but I know you are shorthand in thought as well as in deed." I bowed

"You seem to take considerable interest in Miss Gwen," said Mrs. Fister, for we had heard a great deal about the lady for two or three days

I do," he returned. "She is simply charming. Her eyes are a perfect blue, a rather unusual color in eyes, blue eyes being ordinarily gray"

My own eyes are brown.

"Her nose is perfect Grecian," he continued

My own nose is a sort of Gothic, I k[illegible]

"And then her mouth," he [illegible]

I never heard my mouth called that

"I think she has fascinated you," Mrs Fister said

"And then," I supplemented, "it is beauty in distress. Very likely Mr. Mason could write the song himself."

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"But you understand music," he said

I have studied the theory of it," I told him "as I have studied anything I could get it—for commercial purposes"

That is scarcely what I mean," he said, and we left the parlor

Up in my room I picked up a book. But I could not read Instead, I took a sheet of music paper and tried to jot down the pretty, roaxing tune Mr. Tredick had played down in the parlor

I copied the tune. I knew a good deal about intervals and values and the like, and I have what is called a musical memory. I could even read it and hum it after I had taken it down

"I can see him now," I said in the middle of this humming, "looking into her 'perfect blue eyes' and telling her about the little 'cello player with a head like Beethoven's.' It was apropos of nothing, but I felt warm

I had breakfast alone in the morning. I usually had it at seven so as to get down town by eight and do the transcribing from my notes of the day before

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At luncheon Mr. Mason looked due north east, with a promise of rain. On the contrary, I felt quite cheerful

Do you know," he said, "the 'cello player was worth nothing. I took him to see Miss Gwen last night and she ridiculed his [illegible]

On the way back to the office I met Mr Mason. He was walking with the most beautiful woman I had ever seen There was no need to tell me it was Miss Gwen; there she was, just as he had described her, and more I caught her glance, and that glance told me

"Perhaps I might struggle through the words," he assented, "but it is the music that I want"

"The music would not matter," cried I 'The words of a love song are everything

"Who ever hears the words of a song?' he asked generally. "No, no, Nora, you're wrong," and he rose to rush to the office with his "story" for next day's paper

I had half an hour to spare before returning to the office, and as usual I went to my room to freshen up my appearance Somehow I still felt annoyed that I had accused Mr. Mason of the ability to write the words of a love song—what was I to Hecuba, or Hecuba to me? But then, Charlie Mason's enthusiasm over the singer was silly

At dinner Mr. Mason was even more happy than he had been at luncheon. "I think I've found the man to make that song he said. "A little 'cello player with a he d like Beethoven's. I am going to the hotel to tell Miss Gwen about him"

And then he was gone

Mr. Mason always affected people, and even Mrs. Fister seemed influenced by his desire to be of service to the singer, and began to speak enthusiastically of mu—

Mr. Tredick," she said, "the [illegible] not in good tune, but I wish you would play something for us

Mr. Tredick followed us into the parlor and seated himself at the instrument and ran his fingers over the keys. I had never heard him play before, and I was astonished at his wonderful technique

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He played a rhapsody of Liszt. In the midst of it a servant came to the door and beckoned Mrs. Fister, who went out

The rhapsody came to an abrupt conclusion, and the player turned and looked at me Then he pressed the keys again. Such a change. His fingers seemed to have become velvet, and the melody he played coaxed the very heart out of me. I was glad he turned away from me and that he did not look my way again, but, ending the tune, rambled off into things that juggled with the notes till they wove into intricate fugues. At last he rose and closed the piano.

"You have been very good," I said

"Good!" he repeated smilingly, in a sad sort of way. "Maybe the goodness is on your part. You are a musician. I seldom meet one

"A musician!" I repeated "I cannot play of any account whatever."

what a fascinating creature she must be to men—an educated woman, gifted with beauty and a fine voice

Mr Mason saw me and raised his hat. I felt that I shrank; the comparison between me and the other woman was inevitable

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At dinner Mr. Mason failed to materialize

"He had an engagement to dine with Miss Gwen," Mrs. Fister informed us. "It appears that she is determined to have that song, and he has found a new man. Isn't it strange how inconstant some men are? I used to think it was you, Miss Nora, while now ——"

My laugh stopped her

"Pray spare me," I said. The dear woman floundered dreadfully, and was saying that Mr. Mason had been with me every chance I would give him, and all that sort of thing, till I do not know what I should have done if Mr. Tredick had not asked me if I should like to have a little music

"What shall I play?" he asked me when we were in the parlor

"Something *presto*," I told him; "something full of fire and motion."

His hands crashed on the keys, and for five minutes the air seemed to scintillate with flashing recklessness. I did not know when he stopped the rush of it, but all at once I found myself thinking of mother and Bessie and wishing I were with them. Something that I think was a tear fell on my folded hands, and I found that he was playing the melody he had played the night before, the tender, wistful thing that seemed to coax the heart out of m

He was looking over to me, but I did not care. Then he left the piano and came to me and laid his hand lightly on my shoulder

"My child," he said, "the only thing is to hide our feeling from the world"

Without another word he left the parlor

How angered I was! How dared he! this poor, inconsequential man, with duns after him; his board bill unpaid! But I went up to my room and thought of sheep following one another over a fence, and in a few minutes I was sleeping the sleep of the just

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Now, as I was taking down Mr Wolf's notes next morning an idea struck me Whether or not Mr. Tredick was a comprehending man, why should he not put a hundred dollars in his pocket? The melody that he had played to me—why should he not make it into a love song? And why shouldn't Charlie Mason know that it had been done at my suggestion, and thus be made to understand that I didn't care a little bit for his admiration for all the Misses Gwen in the world?

I am impulsive; I suppose shorthand makes one so; it looks so little, and it is so much

At luncheon neither Mr. Mason nor Mr Tredick appeared I waited as long as I honestly could and then I asked what had become of the latter gentleman. Mrs. Fister said that he had gone to rehearse a new mass at the church This was the first I had heard of his being an organist, for ever since he had been in the house Mr Mason's admiration for Miss Gwen had usurped attention

The church, it appeared, was Saint [illegible]

"He expects to be there all day," Mrs. Fister said. "And I don't like to mention it, Miss Nora, but seeing that we're alone, I might as well tell you that he offered me his gold watch this morning as security for his board till he gets his money'

Surely, then, the man would be glad of a hundred dollars

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At four o'clock I left the office At Saint Theresa's I appeared to be the sole occupant of the church. I took a back pew and felt that it was a rest to be there, away from the jar and jostle of the outside world, away from the thought that that little world was all

I was sorry that Mr Tredick had gone, and I should not get the chance to ask him in private to score the melody he had played for me, if it were his own, that Miss Gwen might see it. Mr Mason might write the words for it, for he had said he could do it, and—

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At any rate, it was peaceful here, and I could get rid of the miserable feeling that had taken possession of me for a week For I am not usually one of the unhappy ones, as mother and Bessie always say. All the same, as I sat there trying to compare the vast meaning of the church with my own paltry cares, there suddenly sounded above me a thin strain of music

I am not easily startled, I have been a business woman too long for that, but that faint sighing of tone made me almost leap to my feet

So Mr Tredick was not gone, after all There was no sound of voices; then he must be alone, and I was for finding the stairs and going up to him with my request when there came a chord that stopped me. It was the strangest chord, wild and searching, and it broke off abruptly, and a soft note took its place, a tone that glided into others and wove about me for a minute and forth came a melody

That melody! The passion in it! the hope in it! the love in it! It was a part of the perpetual light before the altar, a part of the Divine Compassion the lamp lighted up, a part of all the pain of life, of all that was sad and human. It was love! Over and over it was played, over and over, as though the persistent iteration of it were its glory and its strength—love, love, love!

I had one of mother's letters in my pocket I took it out and with my pencil drew the musical bar. I must do what I had thought to do—this man had sympathized with me when there was no one else, and he should be helped against his foolish scruples

Over and over the melody was played. I jotted it down note by note till I had it all. I could not do much of the accompaniment, only a chord here and there

Words came uncontrollably—words I should never have written at any other time;

MR. ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

made his first literary bow to the public in Scribner's Magazine when only eighteen years old Since that time he has appeared again and again on the literary stage, his stories having been accepted by all the prominent magazines in the country. He is the author of Victoria, a life of the Queen, Miss Margery's Roses, and numerous plays, verses and short stories, besides a book now in press entitled Order Number 160 Many of his productions have been translated into French, German, Swedish and Russian Mr Meyers is a Philadelphian by birth and by education, and a musician of no mean ability

but the meaning of the melody was with me. At eight o'clock it was finished. I added a line to Miss Gwen and addressed it all to the theatre where she should begin her engagement the following Monday. I had signed no name to the note nor the music. Mr. Tredick could claim the song if it were accepted, and then I should tell him all.

When I reached Mrs. Fister's I was trembling in every limb and went unperceived to my room. I wonder if I slept that night?

—where Mr. Mason and I had often rested

In the morning what I had done appealed to me. I had wronged Mr. Tredick; I had wronged myself. The day was miserable—one of reaction. I did not go home to luncheon. In the evening I went to the house in a sort of terror.

They were all at table, and such a buzzing as Mr. Mason made—Miss Gwen had received anonymously a song which delighted her and which was being orchestrated.

Mr. Tredick was dull and preoccupied and paid no attention. When I left the room Mr. Mason followed me.

"Do you know," he said, "Miss Gwen knows all about Tredick. He wrote an opera over in Paris which had great things predicted for it, but a love affair with a titled lady—an affair, you know, where the lady was miles above him—broke him up; he withdrew his opera and drifted away from every one. Miss Gwen is delighted that through me she has again heard of him, and will write to friends abroad, especially to Marchesi, who used to know him very well. I will get you tickets for Monday night; I want you to hear the first performance. And phew! what a 'story' I am making!"

A "story"! He thought nothing of what I was going through.

•

Sunday I usually went for a walk in the country—with company. This Sunday I went alone. It is depressing to go alone through paths you have enjoyed in the society of another. I kept getting lower and lower. How could I explain to Mr. Tredick about the song? If he were the genius Mr. Mason said that he was he would be furious at my act, and—— But why theorize even in shorthand? When I had sat an hour on the trunk of a big tree where Mr. Mason and I had often rested, I was as uncheerful as a girl could well be. It was nearly dark when I reached home. I did not sleep well that night. I heard Mr. Mason come in. When he neared my door he paused for a moment, and I heard a faint scraping on the sill. Then he went on.

I looked. There were two bits of pasteboard tucked under the door. They were two tickets for Miss Gwen's opening night. Two! The insult of it! I tore up one of them, and was on the point of destroying the other when I stopped. If I did not go to the opera he would say that I—— Never mind that, though.

•

I had my breakfast early and met no one. I did not go to lunch. About five o'clock I went home and went down to dinner dressed for the evening, and I was not ashamed when Mr. Mason took me in from top to toe. He sat down beside me. "I'm glad you are going to hear The Knights. Wait till you hear that love song!"

Just then the door opened. Mr. Tredick came in in quite a good suit of black with a wide showing of shirt-front.

"I am going to hear the *rara avis*," he said; "Mr. Mason has piqued my curiosity."

I felt like fainting. The only thing I could do would be to appeal to his generosity—and let him know the truth. I must have looked wretched, for when Mr. Mason left the room to hurry to the theatre Mr. Tredick came around to me.

"I thought you would go," he said. "You must not go alone. Come!"

When we got to the theatre I said:

"Get only an admission ticket; the seat next to mine will not be occupied."

He looked at me.

"I tell you it is so!" I said peevishly.

So he went with me to the front places.

"I want to tell you something," I said.

"Not now," he returned; "you would tell me too much; you are in no condition to tell any one anything. Here is the overture!"

He listened for a few bars, then talked quietly, soothingly to me. When the curtain rose he turned to the stage. When Miss Gwen made her appearance he was attentive. When she had sung her first aria he smiled.

"She is a lady," he said, "but she is not a singer. The fire is not there. If you had a voice you would be a singer."

I was too nervous to analyze this.

In the second act the thing happened. In this act the heroine, separated from the lord she thinks no longer loves her, gives herself up to her grief in the song I had stolen.

The singer was divinely beautiful as she stood there. The orchestra played a few bars of symphony, and then she sang.

•

That song! The music, the secret of the man beside me; the words, my own poor secret! I clasped my hands till I burst one of my gloves, forgetting my surroundings—everything. That beautiful voice, the depth of meaning of the song!

But a hand grasped my arm. My companion was ghastly. "My song!" he gasped. "I wrote it for one I—— My poverty could not tempt me to sell it." I knew then that I must tell him.

In the din of applause that followed the song I got him to his feet and out into the empty corridor. There came Charlie Mason.

But I turned away from him. "Mr. Tredick," I said, "forgive me. I was in the church the day you played that song. I copied it. I wrote the words. You will get a hundred dollars for it. It was selfishly wicked of me——"

"You!" interrupted Charlie Mason.

"You!" cried the musician. "You to drag from me a thing made sacred by association—for I must have been thinking of you and your sorrow when I played it. You——"

Inside the prima donna was singing the song over again.

"Tredick," Charlie Mason said, "do you mean to say that you wrote that song?"

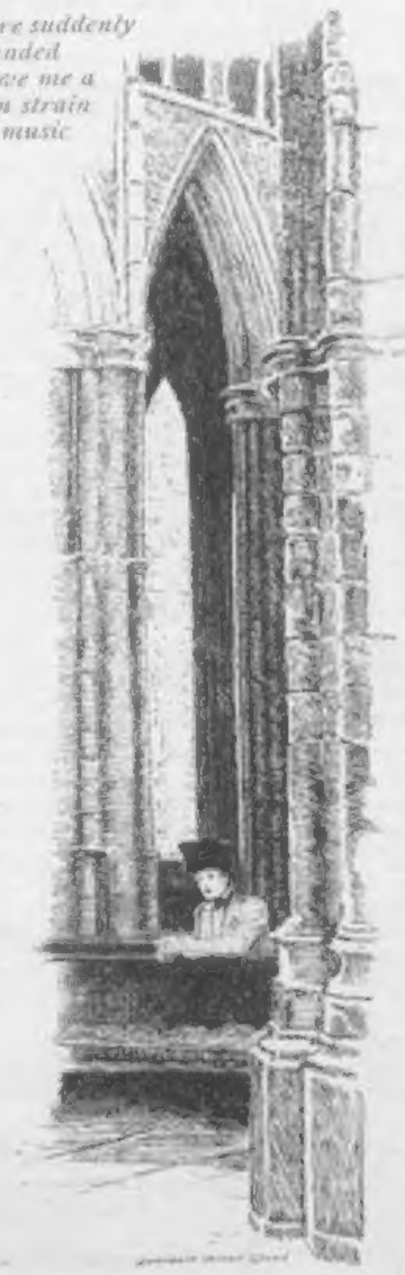
But the man broke away from us and rushed down the corridor. Then we saw him fall back. For around the curve of the passage came a woman, her silken train sweeping after her, her hair blazing with jewels. At sight of him she gave a little cry. Then she went across to him.

"Arthur," she said, "it is the song you made for me, and when I heard it I knew that I had found you at last."

Inside, that lovely voice took a high note of exceeding purity as Charlie Mason said:

"My 'story' is no good. It was the story of Tredick. I have been getting it from Miss Gwen for a week. And now I cannot use it! But there's another story, and it, too, is a love story, which I've been wanting to tell, to tell you alone——"

But, really, this is a shorthand story.



—there suddenly sounded above me a thin strain of music

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American Kings And Their Kingdoms
FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER

"The Pine King"

By H. B. CURRY

FEW people in St. Paul have heard of Frederick Weyerhaeuser; but he has lived there seven years. His name is seldom in the newspapers. He appears at no public meetings. He is never seen at social functions. His home, though it is in fashionable Summit Avenue, is not notable.

His business offices are a few rooms hidden away on an upper floor of a bank building. Here the searcher will discover, behind a plain desk, a short, stocky German-American, with a round, ruddy face.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser is sixty-four years old, but he is so healthy that he appears fifty. And he is a cheery old gentleman, evidently, who talks in a low, soft voice, slowly, and with a definite German accent. He is glad to see you. If he knows you well, he'll probably tell you a joke on himself. And his language, his manner, will convey the impression that somehow he's grateful that you were good enough to hunt him up.

Yet at that moment a delegation of New York capitalists may be waiting to ask Mr. Weyerhaeuser if he will take charge of a million dollars or more and a new company.

For the apologetic, amiable old gentleman, unknown almost to his fellow citizens, is the wealthiest, the greatest of the world's lumbermen. He is worth $20,000,000, say some of his associates; $30,000,000, say others. He is the real head of eighteen lumber companies, mill companies, boom companies, and logging companies.

He and his associates control some fifteen billion feet of standing white pine, which is fully half of all the pine still uncut in the upper Mississippi Valley, and which will be worth, upon the lumber market, more than $200,000,000. He is surely the Lumber King. His wealth being chiefly in pine lands, he is monarch of far-reaching, still and solemn forests. He is the King before whom must bend, some day, the myriad majestic pines upon 2,000,000 acres.

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Many wealthy men are in the lumber business—many great corporations. But let any man, any company, be confronted with a perplexing proposition, and the solution is the same in Maine as in Florida, in Mexico as in California: "Let's talk to Weyerhaeuser." Fortunate the lumber company that can secure him as one of its Directors. He may not always own a controlling interest. He may possess comparatively little stock. But he is at once the First Consul. The other Directors are the obedient Second and Third Consuls. It is henceforth for him to order, for them to obey. Yet he still possesses the modesty that Bonaparte cast off, and would be loath to admit that he is even a First Consul of the Pine Tree Republic.

And as he displays a modesty by no means Napoleonic, Frederick Weyerhaeuser clings to other virtues sometimes rejected by leaders of men. He is among the few living refutations of the common saying, "No man ever made a million dollars honestly."

It was only because he could always be trusted that he secured the coöperation of so many wealthy men and so many powerful interests. And, as he says in his characteristic way: "I think I've succeeded, because I care more for my credit than my clothes."

This sterling man is a graduate from the farm. The farm happened to be a vineyard. It was at Neidersaulheim, in Southern Germany, where Frederick Weyerhaeuser, a younger son, was born, November 21, 1834.

•

Frederick was but eighteen years old when he decided to start for America. His father had died. But the son would not leave behind his mother nor his sisters. They accompanied him across the ocean, and went with him into Erie County, Pennsylvania.

It was four years later, at the age of twenty-two, that he reached the town of Rock Island, Illinois. He began working in a small lumber-yard attached to the Rock Island Sawmill, or the "lower mill." After six months he was in charge.

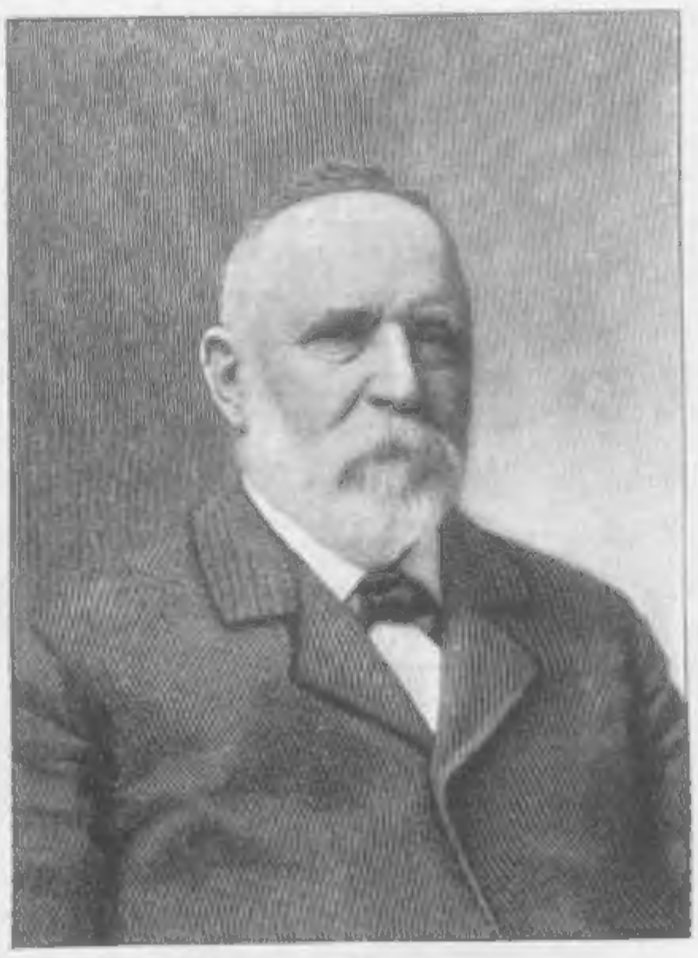
He became acquainted with F. C. A. Denkman, a compatriot. The two young men were courting sisters. Each of the men had saved surprisingly from his wages. Each also—which was more important—had established a reputation for unremitting industry, unfailing honesty. Thus, when the owner of the "lower mill" wished to sell his property, he did not hesitate to accept the notes of the German "chums."

Soon after the copartners in love and lumber married sister sweethearts.

•

Partner Weyerhaeuser, the general "outside man" in business parlance, went North, visited the great pine forests in Wisconsin, and secured the rudiments of that pine-land wisdom that was to be his Aladdin's lamp. In 1864 the firm had laid aside enough money to permit of an initial investment in Chippewa River pines. A year or two later, Weyerhaeuser & Denkman had so many cheap logs on hand that their one mill was insufficient. It was duly enlarged, and it runs busily to-day beneath the same old sign, turning out 35,000,000 feet of lumber each year. In 1870 a third sawmill was secured.

During fifteen years the Rock Island lumbermen had gained increasing importance in the Western trade. The year 1872 marked



PHOTOGRAPH BY KLEIN, ST. PAUL

FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER

the beginning of Frederick Weyerhaeuser's successful association with lumbermen outside of his own firm—the beginning of that indefinite, all-powerful agency which became known as the "Weyerhaeuser syndicate."

In that year Weyerhaeuser was elected President of the Mississippi River Logging Company, and of its associate corporation, the Beef Slough Manufacturing, Booming, Logdriving and Transportation Company.

•

As late as 1896 he and his friends made a typical purchase. It was rumored one day that the Weyerhaeuser syndicate had just completed another very important transaction. Mr. Weyerhaeuser was promptly seen by a reporter. He didn't mind saying that he was interested with some friends in the purchase of the Nelson Lumber Company's mill at Cloquet, and of some pine lands. That was all. A few days later it developed that he and his "friends" had paid $2,000,000 for the great lumber plant of the C. N. Nelson Lumber Company, at Cloquet, Minnesota, near Duluth, and for 600,000,000 feet of standing pine.

At present, Mr. Weyerhaeuser is a Director, and the practical head, of almost a score of companies interested in some department of the lumber business. He owns practically nothing as an individual.

Differing in another point from most great capitalists, Mr. Weyerhaeuser has not divided his investments among diverse properties. He has put a little money—a few hundred thousand, perhaps—into banks, and he is fond of telling how those banks failed. He has contrived to steer clear of the railroad Lorelei. He is said to have never bought railroad stocks or bonds upon an extensive scale. He has no city real estate of consequence, except mill sites and his own home. He is deaf to the voice of the promoter.

Still another singularity of the anomalous millionaire is that he has no recreations. When he is tired of doing the same thing all day, he rests by doing the same thing all the evening. "His amusement," says a friend, "is working."

When he is near one of his many offices, he will work there from seven o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, stopping only for his meals. When in St. Paul, which is seldom, he will, however, pass the evening with his family. But at home or abroad, on steamboat or railroad train, he leaves business or company with uniform promptness at 10 P. M., and retires.

He is almost a total abstainer, for he drinks nothing intoxicating except mild wine at intervals. Although a German, he has never used tobacco.

His native land should take eminent pride in the Lumber King, for it is given to few men to symbolize the characteristic virtues of a nation. But no one denies that Mr. Weyerhaeuser has all his life expressed German simplicity, German regularity, German caution, German thrift, German industry, German perseverance, German kindliness, German cheerfulness, German domesticity, and German honesty. At other points he has overcome a national weakness. His mastery of men never deceives him into deriding a greater power.

•

A member of the Dutch Reformed Church, he attends constantly, with his family, when in St. Paul, the House of Hope Presbyterian Church. He is ever the friend of religion, and his caution, thrift and success has not fertilized that fungus, parsimony, which blights the blossom of wealth. It would be contrary to his instincts to make a spectacular endowment. Thus one never reads that Mr. Weyerhaeuser has made a notable gift.

But his friends, his employees, say that he is always giving, that he gives large sums, and that he gives with equal charity to every cause that can justify demand. So kind is he to his employees and his associates, that many have served him for twenty, thirty years. "The longer you work for him," said the Secretary of a Weyerhaeuser company, "the more he likes you and the more you like him."

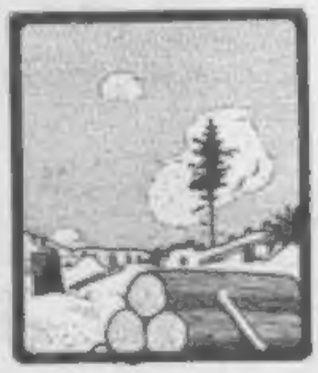
The Lumber King is with his family during every leisure hour. He reads little except when traveling. Then he is interested in reviews and in the standard current literature. He is not a man of thorough culture. He does not pretend to be.

He can felicitate himself upon having sons not poisoned by their silver spoons. They have been thoroughly educated; they are industrious, honorable. Rudolph and Frederick Weyerhaeuser, Jr., are associated with the Northern Mill Company, of Cloquet, Minnesota; Charles, with the Pine Tree Lumber Company, of Little Falls, Minnesota; John P., with the Rock Island Lumber Company, of Rock Island, Illinois.

•

The relations of this family to their father, and several of the father's traits, are reflected in a little tale that the father tells of himself:

"I bought some fast horses last summer. At least, the man who sold them said they'd do a mile to a road cart in 2:30. I drove out to the track. I went around so fast that I was tickled. I took my wife out next day. She was tickled. When I got home I said to my son, 'Why, you ought to see how mother and I tore around that track. I timed myself, and we made it several times in less than three minutes. Great team that.' 'Don't you know, father,' said he, 'that's a half-mile track?'"



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AN HOUR OF HIGH LIFE

By BARRY PAIN

Drawing by Kenneth Riviere Green

THEY were, so to speak, bounders right away from the word jump. They had good hearts; they did not drop their h's; their dress was elaborate, if inappropriate. They were, as a rule, early risers, temperate in their habits, and good to the poor. But they were bounders.

They were not the less bounders because they had recently pulled off rather a good thing. In fact, the presence of plenty of ready money in their pockets seemed somewhat to have increased the spring of the bound. Forsaking the restaurant which usually provided them with a two-shilling table d'hôte luncheon, they went into an aristocratic spot known to them by its frequent mention in the novels of high life and the smarter journals.

In appearance this sacred temple of cultured extravagance is modest in the extreme. It is not very big or very imposing. But when you get inside for the first time, and your feet seem to sink deep in the soft carpets, and you hear the faint sound of exquisite music at a distance, and the very hired servants look better than you do, and you don't know your way about, and wish that you had had your hat ironed before you came—you are likely to become a little nervous.

The two bounders were smitten simultaneously with the complaint. They tumbled over one another, and spoke in a dictatorial manner to the elegant and somewhat languid gentleman who indicated to them where the luncheon-room was. He raised his eyebrows very slightly and the two bounders at once fell from the summit to the bottomless abyss, tried to ingratiate themselves with him, and, to their chagrin, failed miserably.

•

They were planked down at the worst table in the room and given things of which they did not know the names—things which left them in doubt and horror at intervals, lest they should be eating them in the wrong way.

They drank champagne, of course, selecting with care the most expensive but one on the list. This being a good wine, they ruined it by having it stuck into a pail of ice. The people at the other tables began to look at the two bounders occasionally with a kind of lazy, half-amused interest, as one may look at some queer beetle which has flown in through the window by accident and does not know what to do with itself in a room.

At last one of the bounders suggested that they might have their corfy and lickoor (spelled as pronounced) in the smoking-room. The other bounder paid the bill and gave the waiter an excessive gratuity, which the waiter received with a poor simulation of gratitude and a worse dissimulation of contempt; and they arose.

They had now no fear of anything before their eyes. They walked into the luxurious little sitting-room, empty at present, and seated themselves on a lounge by one of the windows.

"I say," said one of them, "this wouldn't quite do for every day, would it?"

The other was annoyed, as one might be annoyed with an actor who, forgetting his part, interpolated some commonplace remark of his own. "Would you be good enough," said the second coldly, "to touch the bell? I always think that one wants the corfy and lickoor immediately after luncheon if one is to enjoy them."

The first bounder touched the bell, recognized the reproof, and made up for his blunder by saying that, on the whole, he was a little disappointed in the cooking. It was good, and it was French—certainly French—but it was hardly up to the mark that he had expected. He remembered one day at Booloan——

At that moment the door opened and two people entered. One was an elderly gentleman, the other a waiter. The first bounder began at once: "Waiter!" The waiter, taking absolutely no notice of them, placed a chair for the elderly gentleman and handed him the copy of the Times. The elderly gentleman said, "Cup o' tea."

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And then came the great and important event.

The waiter replied, "Yes, m'lord." Then the waiter approached the bounders, and the first of them murmured from a collapsed heap a request for two corfys and two camels. The waiter conjectured Kummels, being a linguist, and retired.

"Nothing much wrong with the company," said the first bounder under his voice, committing yet another error.

"Can't remember where I've seen his face," replied the second. "I've met him somewhere, I'm certain—at a dinner or a dance, I suppose. One forgets faces."

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Then the waiter brought in the tea for His Lordship, and the coffee and liquors for the others, and also two "shilling cigars." They always ordered their cigars by the price, being as lost sheep in the wilderness.

Their confidence came back to them. In a moment, tacitly, without even a sign, they had entered into a conspiracy to talk for the benefit of His Lordship. The first bounder observed that it was not a bad bottle of champagne they had had for luncheon, but not so good as he had been drinking the night before. The second picked up the Morning Post, glanced at the fashionable intelligence, and said, "By Jove! Lady Betty's engaged at last." And the first, who, as an improvisator, was not quite up to the mark, replied, "How?"

In fact, they did their little best and did it very badly, being strengthened in their courage, but at the same time weakened in intellect and taste. They got on to the subject of shooting; they exchanged opinions on country-house life; they spoke of yachts; they asked each other where they were going to winter that year; the titles of people they did not know came bumping out of their mouths at every moment. They were unconscious that they were making a prolonged but somewhat tiresome effort to impress His Lordship—but they were.

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And, at last, the second bounder, with a terrible *sang-froid* (not to be confounded with impertinence), rose and strolled over to the other window, near which His Lordship was sitting. "Still raining," he remarked in a friendly way.

His Lordship produced from his pocket a pencil and an ivory tablet. On the tablet he wrote:

"I am stone deaf. If you have anything of importance to say, please write it down."

In the agony of the moment the bounder wrote down:

"I am sorry you are deaf."

Then, with the full sense of his own fatuousness rolling backward and forward over him and flattening him out, he rushed from the room. In the hall the first bounder caught him up, and reminded him that he had not finished his lickoor.

"What the deuce does that matter?" he replied. "Let's get out of this; I'm sick of it."

In the smoking-room His Lordship still sat with his cup of tea. He stared intently at the little ivory tablet for some minutes, as though there might be something more in it than one at first supposed. Then he shook his head slowly—conundrums always bored him—and, picking up his paper, he resumed his story of the foreign intelligence.

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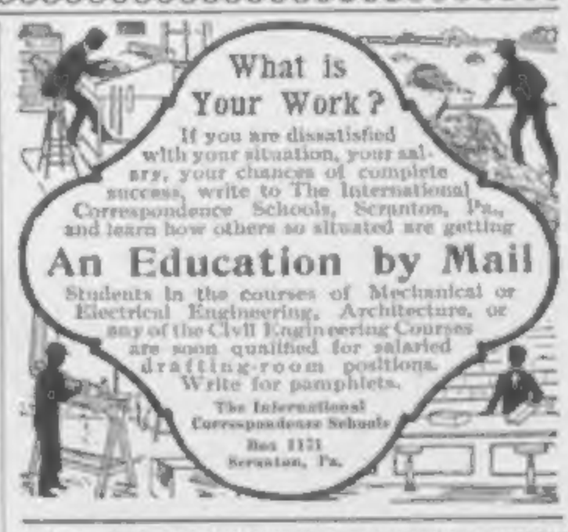
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THE POOR BOY'S CENTURY

By LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

WHEN Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long sleep in 1800 he saw little that was new, except on the tavern sign the head of George Washington had replaced that of King George. A few mills for grinding and sawing constituted the country's manufacturing. The clothes were homespun. The boots were the rude products of local cobblers. Hog meat was the main article of food, and whisky was the most popular beverage. For nearly fifty years there had been little progress. In all the United States there were only five steam engines of all kinds. The largest fortune was estimated at $250,000.

A hundred years ago our people did not know the use of coal or of gas or of coal oil. They had no stoves, no matches, no railroads, no street cars, no steamboats. There was not even a decent wheel to a rich man's carriage. One-half of all residences and buildings were log huts. There were only three good roads on the entire continent.

The beginning and close of the nineteenth century afford the most wonderful contrasts of history. In wealth, it leaped from millions to billions; in transportation, from ox-carts to railroads; in education, from a few indifferent schools to more colleges and schools than all the rest of the world; in religion, from a few creeds and a few bigotries to the most diversified collection of denominations history has every known. In a material way no better illustration of the enormous increase could be given than the simple fact that a million workers to-day, with the improvements in skill and machinery and power, can do more than fifty millions could do in the last century.

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From the beginning of the century the world seemed to have a new awakening, especially among the English-speaking people. In 1800, the English language was spoken by less than thirteen per cent. of the world's population. Now it is the language of over twenty-eight per cent. A hundred years ago fifty per cent. fewer people spoke it than Spanish; now 170 per cent. more people use it than the Spanish. A hundred years ago it stood sixth. To-day it is first, with no other within thirty per cent. of it.

A hundred years ago the population of the United States was a little over 5,000,000, confined to about 300,000 square miles of area. To-day it is over 70,000,000, with a settled area of over 2,000,000 square miles, or, with our new possessions, nearly 80,000,000, with a settled area of about 2,200,000 square miles, while the total area of the country is almost three and a third million square miles.

In the United States, indeed, is the real bigness of the world, with nine-tenths of the corn, seven-eighths of the cotton, two-fifths of the mining, one-half of the coal fields and one-fifth of the wealth of the entire earth, with farms yielding three billions a year, factories yielding four billions, public schools costing a hundred and fifty millions annually, a people who in thirty years has more than doubled the industrial growth of England, France and Germany combined.

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Ambassador Choate was recently quoted as saying that he had never met a great man born rich. Careful inquiry shows that the men who did the wonderful things of the century were almost without exception poor boys. Of the twenty-five Presidents, more than one-half were the sons of farmers and planters, some of the best of them school teachers, nearly all of them poor, and many spent few months in school, one only one month and another not at all, nor could this last one read or write until taught by his wife.

Even at the end of the century, when wealth is so general, the poor-boy idea is carried out. For instance, Cleveland was a clerk at fifty dollars a year. Garfield is well known as the hero of the tow-path. Benjamin Harrison was a farmer's boy who worked on the farm and went to the little red schoolhouse. William McKinley taught a country school. Even Mark Hanna, who is supposed to be a maker of Presidents, began as a grocer's clerk.

Of the three powerful political personalities in the first half of the century, Calhoun was in affluent circumstances, but Clay, the idol of the people, knew the grimmest sort of grim poverty, and Webster, the lion of New England, led the hard life of the farmer's son in a big family. Surely there is no more pathetic incident in history than when Daniel's father, on his slender resources, decided to send the boy to college. They were driving home from the village, and the boy, who became the master of eloquence and expression, could find no words, but laid his face on his father's shoulder and burst into tears.

The story of Lincoln, with all its melancholy poverty, is known to every one. Great statesmen who have left their impress upon the history and legislation of the century rose from humble conditions. Blaine began low. The two Shermans were left in poverty at their father's death. John G. Carlisle, born of poor parents, was self-taught and a school teacher. Senator Edmunds was the son of a small farmer. Levi P. Morton was a hard-working country boy.

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Take a few general cases: Jay Gould started out to conquer the world with fifty cents, and left $70,000,000. Morgan, the great banker, was a clerk in a country store. Cornelius Vanderbilt took cabbages and turnips to the New York market in a little sailing craft. Stewart, the merchant prince of his day, began his business career on a capital of $3000. P. D. Armour ran away from home when he was seventeen and walked to California. Pullman was a clerk in a store. Mark Twain as a boy was thrown on the world to sink or swim, and he not only swam, but commanded a Mississippi River steamboat. George W. Childs was an errand boy in a bookstore. John Wanamaker was the son of a brickmaker.

John G. Whittier was the son of a small farmer. Leland Stanford was another farmer's boy. Sir John McDonald, Canada's greatest statesman, was the son of a plain Scotch storekeeper. Andrew Carnegie was a district messenger boy. In the enormous transportation interests the poor boys have enjoyed almost a monopoly of the highest honors. President Thomson, of the Pennsylvania, was an apprentice in the Altoona shops, and Mr. Roberts, his predecessor, was a chain-carrier in a surveying gang. When a President was wanted for one of the great Pacific roads the other day, the man selected had begun as brakeman on a freight train.

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Civilization began when the savage took a crooked stick and made a deep mark in the soil. Tillage was the first of the arts. "The plow lies at the foundation of all wealth, and is the basis of all civilization," said Judge Gould. And yet there never was a good plow until after 1800, and not until this century and the discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy and Von Liebig did the people know the chemistry of the soil or the facts about fertilizers and the rotation of crops. In making the machinery, as well as in the tilling of the soil, the poor boy led. Many great fortunes were the result.

In manufacturing, the comparisons are almost grotesque. For almost fifty years steel had been made by the slow process of Huntsman, the German clock-maker. Fifty years ago Henry Bessemer succeeded in blowing air through molten pig iron. He was the son of a poor French refugee. John Stevenson was eighteen before he knew his letters.

Peter Cooper was ridiculed when he attempted to build a steam engine that would run on rails, and when he could get no tubes for his boiler he used gun barrels. He was the son of a brewer, and in his boyhood days he delivered the beer.

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It is not in this country alone, but all over the world, that the poor boy has made the century his property and opportunity. Scratch a millionaire and you will find a poor boy. Trace back the statesman and you will get to humble beginnings. "Nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself," said Garfield, and the century bears out his opinion. We hear on all sides that opportunities grow less, that trusts and combinations of capital shut out competition, that the great fortunes have eaten up all the prizes in the world's trade.

Do they? The poor boy was never more in evidence than he is to-day. He is still making the great successes.

In good truth there never was a finer prospect than there is to-day. We are just beginning to know. We are on the edge of progress. We are simply commencing to do things. Our new century built on centuries is at the starting-point. The coming years will make our ignorance pitiful, our knowledge old-fashioned, and our best achievements tame. The poor boy has made a great past, but how much greater his future!

IF A CADDY MEET A CADDY
COMIN' THRO' THE GREEN
IF A CADDY ASK A CADDY
WHY HIS CLUBS ARE CLEAN
IT'S TEN TO ONE HE'LL ANSWER OH!
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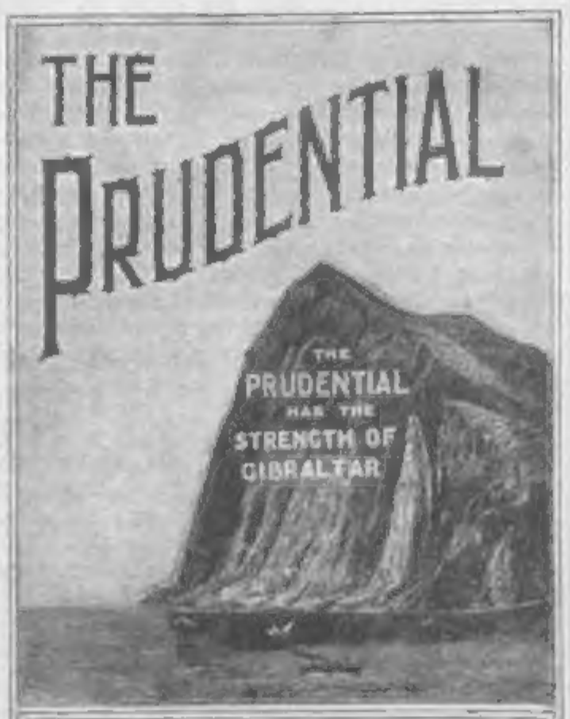

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